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THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER X

It was all very well for the artful Hugh to suggest further interesting conversations with the lady of his heart, and to insinuate that the shrubbery at Denehurst was the very place for such a purpose. Things do not always happen as we wish, however carefully our own part in the future has been planned and rehearsed. Hugh went of course next day, and strolled up and down the shady road outside the wicket-gate: he even penetrated again into the private path, and followed it up a little way; but no Phœbe could he see, though his ears were keen to catch the least footfall upon the mossy track, and his eyes to spy the most distant glimpse of her appearance. Failing her presence, this lover set himself to meditating upon all possible causes for her absence. Had she been offended yesterday at anything he had said, and was his loneliness a mark of that displeasure which she had been too polite to manifest in person? But though he racked his brains he could not blame himself on this score. Perhaps,—here a most distressing thought occurred,—perhaps she was utterly indifferent to him; or worse still, there was the further possibility that he might be downright obnoxious!

At this point he left his room and went out for a stroll, to set himself

steadily to face the problem. Of course if she really did not care whether he went or stayed, there was an end of the matter; he might as well pack his portmanteau and start for London again then and there. But Hugh had all an Englishman's dislike to abandoning an object upon which he had set his heart, at any rate without a fair trial; and moreover he was (as has been already said) of an optimistic disposition. After a short period of despondency, therefore, he came to the conclusion that some very ordinary reason might be keeping Phœbe away. He had just reduced himself to this reasonable frame of mind when the sound of approaching wheels reached his ears, and round a sharp bend in the lane came a low pony-carriage. As it passed him he had the satisfaction of receiving a bow and a very bright smile from Phœbe herself, together with a stately recognition from the old gentleman who sat beside her. Her friendly greeting and the sight of her face were quite sufficient to dispel his former melancholy reflections, and he turned homewards with increased cheerfulness.

"I must go up to London to-morrow," announced James Bryant at luncheon. "There is some business that I must see to. Besides, one can't rusticate for ever. What are you going to do? Who is your letter from?"

"I have had no letter," returned Hugh.

"But I saw one; I know there was one for you, and—by Jove, I remember now. The landlord gave it to me for you, and I put it in my pocket and quite forgot it," and he handed it over.

It was from Hugh's mother, and contained the not unreasonable suggestion that his return ought not to be much longer delayed. "You have been away for a year," wrote the poor lady, "and now you are away again, after having remained at home for only a week. The delivery of your parcel cannot be a very tedious matter, and really, my dear Hugh, you must not be surprised if your father writes and expresses himself rather strongly. You know he is quite an invalid now, and just at present is more ailing than usual. Do pray return as soon as possible," and so on.

Hugh flung the letter over to his friend with an ungratefully impatient exclamation: "Women always think that one can't possibly have any affairs of one's own to see after!"

Bryant read Mrs. Strong's effusion through from beginning to end, in his usual careful and deliberate fashion. "Well," he said, returning the letter, "what are you going to do, eh? I think your mother is quite right; it is rather a shame for you to be cutting off again so soon after such a long absence."

"My mother always forgets that I am out of leading-strings," pursued Hugh in an aggrieved tone. "She tries to treat me like a little boy."

"What would you do if you stayed here?" asked Bryant very pertinently. "You can't propose to Miss Thayne after a couple of interviews; and I don't know how you are going to see very much of her if you do stay. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, my dear boy. Return to town with me, and by and by we will come back

here again; I have seen worse fishing. Then you can renew your suit, if you still wish it."

"I'm not likely to change my mind every few days in a matter of that kind," said Hugh. "However, perhaps it will do no harm to go away for a bit. We'll call at Denehurst this afternoon before leaving, though; it would only be civil."

If, however, Hugh had intended his parting civility rather for Phœbe than for her cousin, he was disappointed, for they saw no one but Mason Sawbridge, who was politely regretful, and expressed himself as usual with complete good taste, hoping for their return at no very distant date. "You do not care for fishing, I think, Mr. Strong," he observed affably. "But if you return during the autumn you might get a little mixed shooting here. We do not preserve, but there are generally a few pheasants and a hare or two in the wood."

Strong as was his prejudice against the hunchback, Hugh almost liked him at that moment. Here was a valid excuse for his return. "Thanks," he said; "I shall be most delighted. A run down into the country always does one good. I hate town; London is a beastly place."

"Before I go, Mr. Sawbridge, I have brought you one or two of those grey flies for a pattern," said Bryant. "You will find them capital as soon as the evening begins to come on; only I would advise you to have stouter hooks. Mine are hardly strong enough for the fish in your water, though they are just the thing for the trout in a Scotch burn where I last used them."

"Thanks; I'm sure I am very much obliged," answered Mason, and then the two plunged into an interesting and intricate conversation concerning various flies and their construction.

Hugh, who understood about as much of the art of fly-fishing as an

ordinary domestic cat, and who, moreover, was not certain of the precise meaning of a *hackle*, turned aside, and going to the window looked out over the weedy garden and broad green stretch of the park. The fusty room, the shuttered aspect of the house, the neglected grounds struck him painfully at the moment, in comparison with the fresh young life that was enshrined in these melancholy surroundings. As he gazed out, his ears filled with the meaningless jargon of terms which for him had no significance, he saw far away under a group of great trees that flung a long refreshing shadow on the grass, two figures which he could not mistake, one that of an old man in a long, dark cloak, the other that of a tall and graceful girl in a white dress. He watched them stroll slowly among the trees and then disappear in the belt of thick shrubbery that lay beyond. This was to be his last sight of her then, and for how long? Why should Fate have perversely decreed that, on this particular afternoon Phoebe should have chosen to walk upon the furthest bounds of the park?

In a few moments more they had taken leave of their irreproachable host, and were walking down the drive towards the park gates.

"What a monster!" exclaimed Hugh suddenly.

"Who?" inquired his friend, rather startled, for there had been no previous clue to the subject.

"That hunchbacked fellow!"

"Oh," said Bryant, pausing a moment.

"He reminds me of a rattlesnake trying to be polite, and delude you into the impression that he is harmless," went on Hugh. "I hate to think he is near that girl every day."

"I dare say she can look after herself better than you think. Girls are not so helpless as you seem to imagine."

After this Hugh preserved an impenetrable silence, feeling that his regretful mood would get very little sympathy out of his friend; and that afternoon he turned his back upon the green quiet of the country and set his face once more towards that busy wilderness that men call London. How many times, I wonder, during the next few weeks, did its crowded streets disappear from his sight as he conjured up a vision of a leafy solitude, with irregular patches of blue sky seeming like fairy mosaic among the topmost branches? The sounds of London are loud and penetrating enough, one would think, yet how many times were they hushed for him, as he remembered the clear girlish tones that had held such frank and delightful converse? Love is a vigilant master, persistent of his presence under every possible condition; we cannot summon him when we will, nor dismiss him at pleasure. We must either welcome and cherish him, or flee from the sound of his childish voice and the touch of his baby hands, that are so strong to have and to hold. Blessed are the young and true-hearted, for to them shall be given the fulness of his promise.

CHAPTER XI

THERE is no loneliness so great as that which has known companionship. Lack of friends or interests or diversions may be exceedingly hard to bear, but at any rate they are easier to endure if we have never existed under opposite conditions. It was surely some appreciation of this truth which inspired the statement that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." There is no doubt that it does, provided that the heart has previously exercised itself in the positive degree.

Phoebe Thayne was a very ordinary English maiden, unsustained by any

especial heroism of character or sternness of conscience. When she accidentally discovered that her newly-found friend had gone (for her cousin never alluded to the matter), it must be confessed that she felt a real regret, not unmingled, as she acknowledged to herself, with a warmer feeling. She performed her ordinary self-appointed tasks and duties: she attended her uncle as affectionately as before; but Hugh's visits had opened to her indefinite though attractive horizons, the exploration of which was, she felt, impossible. Their slight intercourse had put her in touch with facts of which she had hitherto dreamed as fancies. She had been living, as she told Hugh, the life of a hermit. She read the papers, and therefore had gathered a fair idea of what was going on in the world; but a printed paper does not appeal to the intelligence with half the force of a human voice. Trivial as his conversation may seem, she had listened to it eagerly as a sound from that outer life in whose race she felt so keen a desire to mingle; and now that it was beyond her reach her loneliness was tenfold greater. "If something would happen! If only something would happen!" she repeated to herself a dozen times a day, for she began to feel as though she was sinking in the stagnation of incident which surrounded her. Fortune does not invariably respond with warmth to our dearest wishes; but in this instance, and considering that Phoebe had not specified the nature of the diversion she desired, the blind goddess was kind enough, though the suppliant presently repented heartily of her prayer.

One day, about a week after Hugh's departure, Phoebe and her cousin Mason were sitting together at breakfast in a room opening on to the small plot of lawn. The French windows were wide open, and the fresh sweet breath of the earlier hours was fragrant with

the scent of the clematis that hung in snowy tangled masses among the shrubs. At one end of the long table Phoebe presided with languid interest over the silver coffee-pot, and watched her cousin as he opened one after another the large pile of letters he had taken from the post-bag. Would it never contain a line for her, she wondered? Would she never know the delight of opening an envelope addressed to herself and perusing words written only for her eyes to see?

Mason went through his correspondence systematically, tearing up some communications as soon as he had mastered their contents, laying others aside for answering, carefully detaching all fly-sheets and tearing the jagged corners off all the envelopes. When he had arranged several tidy little piles of correspondence, Phoebe spoke rather impatiently. "It's not very amusing sitting here. You might give me the paper, I think."

Her cousin as a rule reserved *The Times* for his own perusal before handing it over to any one else. On this particular morning, however, seeing that he would not have much time to devote to it before answering his letters, he condescended to pass it to Phoebe, and silence reigned afresh as they both plunged into reading. Presently the girl spoke. "I thought you told me I had no relations living?"

"I don't know that you have, except that there exists somewhere in the north of England an old gentleman who was some distant cousin of your father. You can claim him if you like, but I don't know that it would do you much good, though I believe he is wealthy."

"He's dead," said Phoebe.

"How do you know?"

"Here it is in the death-column of *The Times*. On the fifteenth inst., at Thorpe-Netherwood, Yorkshire, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Josiah Thayne Netherwood. Funeral at

Thorpe-Netherwood, Tuesday, the eighteenth."

"Yes, that's the old man right enough," said Mason. "I remember the name perfectly now. He had a very wild son, a regular scamp. Well, I suppose he'll have plenty of money now to make ducks and drakes of."

Then Phœbe resumed her reading again, very little troubled by the fact that her unknown cousin had departed this life, though in reality that circumstance was destined to have a considerable effect upon her future career.

When he retired to his study to answer his letters, Mason Sawbridge, instead of referring to those documents, left them lying on his table, and leaning back in his chair, plunged into a long series of meditations. Phœbe's old cousin was dead, that he knew; he was wealthy, that he also knew from trustworthy sources; and he had a son (and for anything he, Mason, knew to the contrary, a grandson also) to leave his money to. And yet in the face of all these facts, and in the face also of the fact that this old cousin had probably never set eyes on Phœbe in the course of his existence, Mason began to wonder whether it might not prove a wise step if he, on her behalf, attended this old man's funeral. No one had a shrewder idea of the value of money, or even of the slightest connection with it, than Mason Sawbridge. As for Phœbe herself, he would of course watch over and protect her interests; but somehow he did not think it needful to tell her of his intentions with regard to the funeral.

Accordingly the next morning he informed her that he should be absent for three or four days, a circumstance which she heard with much secret pleasure. A further and greater delight was, however, in store for her. The wheels of the carriage which bore her cousin to the station had hardly

died away before a small but heavy box arrived directed to herself containing books, and lying at the top was a note which ran thus.

DEAR MISS THAYNE,—I am sending you some books to read, which I hope will amuse you, and suit your tastes in literature. I have put in ZANONI, and some travels, and a little science, and Browning's last volume which every one is talking of. I hope I have not made many mistakes in my selection; but if I have, you must forgive me and set it down to my ignorance. Pray keep all the books for the present; later on I may possibly be again at Coltham, and then you can return them to me if you have finished with them.

With kind regards, believe me, very truly yours,
HUGH STRONG.

Phœbe had the books carried up to her own room, and there sat down in delight to begin their perusal.

But while Hugh in London was constantly thinking of Phœbe at Denehurst, and while Phœbe at Denehurst was deep in the charms of ZANONI, and also thinking pretty frequently of Hugh in London, it would be as well to see what Mason Sawbridge was doing in Yorkshire.

He arrived at Thorpe-Netherwood, attired in a funeral garb of the strictest correctness, a long consultation with his hatter having resulted in the selection of a hat-band whose width testified to a hair the degree of its wearer's polite interest in the deceased. It was not so wide as to be ostentatiously insistent of the claims of a distant young relation; but neither was it so narrow as to signify that he considered the relationship of no account. Rich old men like Josiah Netherwood, with only one or two near relatives, are apt to find their remotest connections ready at any time to rally round their death-bed, and therefore Mason's presence at the funeral (where he introduced himself with the utmost tact to the lawyer who had charge of the affair) was not considered at all wonderful

by the somewhat small assemblage which had gathered to escort a kinsman to the tomb.

The funeral of a wealthy man who has been but little loved is a very instructive spectacle. It refreshes the cynic, though upon those whose minds are cast in a gentler mould it has a depressing effect. Here is the corpse, confined probably after the most expensive fashion; here are sable bands, scarves, and gloves, memorial wreaths and mutes; every detail of the solemn programme is set forth decently and in order. No tears are shed; but the same feeling which prompts the composing of all faces into an expression of decorous gravity, prompts also the intense desire of every spectator to show that he is provided with a pocket-handkerchief. Then the clergyman comes, and the magnificent words of the Burial Service are spoken. A hard-hearted, unforgiving, despotic old man, who has for years tyrannised over his household, who has been the terror of his family and the abhorrence of his servants, is committed to the dust as "our dear brother"; while every solemn-faced relative standing by, who had anything to do with the deceased during life, is feelingly joining in the responses, and secretly congratulating himself that at last the dead is dead and incapable of further harm. And so the show, a brave show truly, comes to its appointed end; the living go home, hypocrisy relaxing a little in favour of the permitted increase of cheerfulness which accompanies the consumption of the funeral baked meats and good wine, and the further lawful interest manifested in the reading of the will. The dead remain; for them the play is done, the mummery finished. There is no deception in the awful contact of dust and ashes, no hypocrisy in the corruption of the grave. Sun and wind and rain beat upon the sod; moons wax and wane, seasons come and go, but

no sense thereof may reach those dissolving elements of humanity hidden away beneath.

Old Josiah Netherwood was buried on a wet day. The heavy rain changed the newly-turned soil to mud, and pitilessly transformed the wreaths into a soddened mass of bruised petals. The assemblage was a very small one. Two or three distant relations, half-a-dozen servants, the squire of the parish (who attended as a matter of formal politeness, and went home immediately the funeral was over), the doctor, and the two heads of the legal firm the old man had always employed. His only son was abroad, and unable to return in time to follow his father to the grave, and Mr. Chesham, the senior legal partner, had arranged everything. Mason Sawbridge, as representing one of the few relatives of old Josiah Netherwood, was naturally invited to share the funeral feast and assist at the reading of the will, with both of which suggestions he easily fell in, seeing indeed that he had undertaken a long railway journey for that very purpose.

After a handsome cold collation, the cheerfulness of which was somewhat marred by the monotonous drip of the persistent rain, the whole party adjourned to the library, an apartment furnished with frowning book-cases and chilly busts. Here Mr. Chesham seated himself in front of a table, and, drawing forth a key, requested the junior partner to bring the will from a certain *escritoire*. This being done the lawyer unfolded a document with some flourish, as befitted his important part in the ceremony, and with a preliminary cough proceeded to enlighten the company as to its contents.

"My client, Mr. Thayne Netherwood, made two wills," he began. "Both are recent, and as he neither himself destroyed, nor requested me to destroy, the first one, I will proceed

to read both, although as you will shortly perceive, only the last will take effect."

The first will, dated some ten years previously, was short and simple enough, and was to the effect that, save for ten pounds to be divided among his servants at his decease, Josiah Thayne Netherwood left everything he died possessed of to his only child, Walter Thayne Netherwood, absolutely.

When he had finished reading this will the lawyer laid it down. Some slight disappointment was visible on the faces of the two distant cousins, elderly threadbare bachelors, who had come by third-class, and who were naturally grieved to find that all they were likely to get out of the unamiable old relative's estate was a pair of black kid gloves and a good luncheon. Mason Sawbridge too, though his face was inscrutable as ever, and wore its usual look of polite attention, felt some regret at the tenor of the document, though he had hardly expected it would go otherwise.

"The last will," began Mr. Chesham, as soon as a running murmur from those present had died away, "is dated only a year ago, and was the last executed by our deceased friend."

This second will was also very brief, but widely different. The old man bequeathed everything that he died possessed of to his son Walter Thayne Netherwood for his life only; after his death the whole property, chiefly in land, reverted to his third cousin, Phoebe Thayne, absolutely and without any restrictions at all. The servants were to have twenty pounds, and the elderly bachelor cousins fifty pounds apiece, for which indeed they, in their delight, expressed themselves as truly thankful.

After this the company rapidly dispersed, and soon only Mr. Chesham, who had directions to give to the

bailiff, and Mason Sawbridge, who was not leaving Yorkshire till the next day, remained. The latter took the opportunity of walking over part of the property with the lawyer, and at the same time getting a little information out of him. "What was the reason now," he asked, "of the great difference between old Mr. Netherwood's two wills?"

"About a year ago Walter Netherwood, who was a very wild fellow, married some foreign actress abroad. He kept the matter a secret, at least he fancied he did, but somehow the news reached his father's ears, and he sent for me and made this last will."

"I suppose, however, that the son is still only a young man?" observed Mason.

"Oh, yes," answered the lawyer; "in years he is about five-and-thirty; but he has always lived in a fast, dissipated sort of way. I should say his life was a very poor one. What sort of a lady is Miss Thayne?"

"Young and handsome," answered Mason; "and if by any chance this fortune falls to her, she will have a third attraction into the bargain."

"Well, speaking off-hand, I should say she would not have long to wait. Walter Netherwood is ill now, though not, I believe, very seriously. In a year or two he will break up."

"But what made the old gentleman pitch upon her to leave his money to?" inquired the hunchback. "I don't fancy he ever saw her in his life."

"That was exactly the reason, my dear sir," returned the lawyer. "Our deceased friend, who was not exactly an amiable person, swore to me that as those of his relatives whom he did know were most disappointing and unsatisfactory, he would leave his money to the only relative whom he had never seen. That is how she comes by it. His son's marriage was a great trouble to the old man; he had not seen him since, and I do not

believe that even now Walter Netherwood knows that his father was ever aware of it."

"Very good land this," observed Mason changing the subject, now that he had got all the information he required.

"It is some of the best corn-land in the neighbourhood," returned Mr. Chesham; "and in the next parish there are some excellent pastures that always let well."

"About what is the total rental?"

"About fifteen hundred, I fancy," answered the lawyer; "and then there are some good colliery shares worth about five hundred a year more."

As he journeyed up to London the next day Mason had enough to occupy his thoughts. Here was Phoebe, by an extraordinary piece of luck, heiress to a very comfortable income, instead of being, what he had hitherto considered her, rather an encumbrance upon his uncle's estate. If only Anthony could return now, his cousin thought, and marry the girl! It seemed a thousand pities that the money should be allowed to go out of the family. If he cared for any living creature at all, Mason Sawbridge cared for his cousin Anthony. His own polished inflexibility always yielded to his cousin's imperiousness; from his boyhood Mason had been Anthony's willing tool; he guarded the other's interests as a dog will guard his master's clothes. It would be difficult to define the feeling which this singular character experienced for his cousin; it was something between fear and admiration, and it would be hard to say whether regret or relief was paramount when he heard of his death. He could hardly persuade himself even now that Anthony really was dead; somehow it seemed to him impossible that Providence could ignore this good chance for the Dene family by persistently confirming the

news of Anthony's decease. Of course he was perfectly aware that Phoebe had no particular liking for her cousin; but Mason had a wide contempt for the inclinations of women in general, and held that their manifest inferiority entitled his own sex to their own way. If Anthony had lived and desired it, he felt sure that he would have married Phoebe. No one could resist him for long. But now he was dead, and there was Phoebe! The fortune must be kept in the family if possible; it would go a long way towards putting the Denehurst estate into a more satisfactory condition; obviously there was only one person left, and that was himself. He was by no means in love with Phoebe; but then the exercise of the affections played little part in the actions of his life. He was willing, considering the circumstances, to sacrifice himself to the extent of matrimony, a step he had not hitherto contemplated; and he told himself that, as the girl had seen no one else to fall in love with, the offer of being made the mistress of a large house and a handsome allowance of pin-money, would be surely sufficient to win her. He embarked upon this enterprise with no idea of the possibility of failure. He contemplated it in exactly the same way as he would have contemplated the selling of a field, or the purchase of a house. Hitherto he had seen but little of Phoebe, considering that they lived under the same roof; she had seemed almost a child still, and he had taken little or no interest in her. It certainly never occurred to him that the reason he seldom saw Phoebe, except at meals, was because she avoided him; his unbounded conceit and self-confidence were sufficient to preclude the possibility of such an idea. He resolved at once that this state of affairs must be altered; and he determined to lay himself out to

be really attentive and agreeable to his cousin in order to pave the way for his proposal of marriage.

CHAPTER XIII

FOR the next few weeks Phœbe felt as though she was living in a nightmare. Hitherto Mason's acquiescence in her own avoidance of him had robbed the odium of his presence, when necessary, of some of its strength. After his return from Yorkshire, however, it seemed to the girl impossible to feel herself safe from his intrusion, and a vague horror seized her whenever she tried to account to herself for his persistence. Her dislike of him, though increased, was, she could not but confess, rendered much more unreasonable by his imperative kindness. Her twentieth birthday fell soon after this altered state of things, and early on the morning of the anniversary her maid brought her a small paper parcel, which being opened proved to contain a velvet case holding a delicately wrought gold bracelet. The giver's taste was artistic enough to insure the gift being perfect of its kind; and yet, though girl-like she felt pleasure in its possession, it seemed somehow to be an evil omen. "Really," she said to herself while dressing, "I am getting very superstitious, or very uncharitable. It is wrong and cruel to dislike and distrust a man because he happens to be deformed. I must try and get over my feelings."

Full of a brave resolution to thank her cousin warmly for his thought of her, she went downstairs to breakfast. It was worse and worse. Her plate was heaped with flowers, not such as Denehurst, or indeed any place nearer than London could produce; delicately tinted orchids, sprays of rare fern, waxen masses of stephanotis. What did all these sudden attentions

portend? She shrank back, in spite of herself, as Mason approached.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phœbe," he said, and his tone of grave politeness partly reassured her. For a moment she feared he was going to kiss her face; but he stopped short at her hand which he was holding, and bestowed a courtly salute upon that instead.

"It is very kind of you to remember it," she faltered, "and to give me all these lovely flowers."

"And your bracelet,—why do you not put it on? Would you like a different one? I can change it quite easily," he said.

"Indeed no!" she cried hastily. "It is a beautiful thing; too much so for me to wear, I think."

"Not at all," he answered. "Women should wear such ornaments, and you are a woman now, Phœbe. I had quite forgotten how old you were till the other day, and had been looking upon you as a sort of school-girl."

"Some girls are at school at my age, or very little younger," said Phœbe. "I wish I could go to school myself and learn something."

"Some girls of your age are married and settled in life," observed the hunchback. "As for your going to school and learning something, you can learn quite as much here; that is if you need it, of which I have my doubts," he added with a smile which was meant to be complimentary, but which so far failed in its object as to make Phœbe shiver with repulsion.

"Are you cold? Let me shut the window," he said, and suited the action to the word, thus relieving her for a moment of his near proximity.

"How shall we celebrate the day?" he inquired, taking his place at the end of the table. "What would you like to do?"

"Oh, I am quite happy here at home," she answered. "I have my books, and work, and—and things."

"You can have those any day," he answered; "a birthday only comes once a year. Would you like a good long drive to some place you have not seen? Shall we go to Snaithburn Castle? My uncle can come too, if you like," he added.

Now if it had not been for this last suggestion, Phœbe would have unhesitatingly refused the drive. There was, however, nothing that old Dennis Dene enjoyed so much as driving, and a day's excursion would be the greatest possible delight to him. Remembering this, she had no heart to refuse, and off they set accordingly to Snaithburn Castle.

The crazed old man was probably the only member of the party who was thoroughly at ease or enjoying himself; and her uncle's enthusiasm roused even Phœbe from her half-defined fears, and Mason from his rather dark and devious cogitations. She had only seen the old ruined castle once before, and forgot her uneasiness while admiring the gray ivy-clad stones that stood out clear against the cloudless blue sky.

"It is not such a very ancient place after all," said Mason, while old Dennis Dene was awakening soft echoes with his violin. "It was only built in 1550."

"How did it get ruined?" asked Phœbe.

"I believe in the Civil Wars," answered her cousin. "If I remember rightly, Cromwell is responsible for these ruins, as he is for a good many others. That outer wall down there is of earlier date than the rest of the building, and was probably the remains of some former fortress which, remodelled and added to, formed the present castle. It was the scene of a siege—"

"Oh, don't trouble about the history of the place," cried the girl with a movement of irresistible impatience. "One doesn't want to be

burdened with names and dates and historical facts. The day is too fine, and life is too short!"

"I dare say you would like to be left alone for a bit," said Mason, who was full of tact, and knew quite well when he was not wanted. "These places conduce to meditations, don't they? I think I will have a stroll and a cigar," and he went off with a bland smile, and an internal resolve that Phœbe Sawbridge would not be allowed to show as much impatience as had been pardoned to Phœbe Thayne.

As she saw his grotesque figure disappear round the angle of an ivy-covered buttress, the girl breathed more freely and hastened to hide herself in a corner of the roofless and dismantled tower. The ground-floor was open to the sky, all intervening storeys and the roof having vanished; and as she sat down on a fallen stone the sun shone warmly into the deserted place, silent save for an occasional chirping of sparrows in the ivy, and the strange sweet modulations that came from old Dennis Dene's violin.

Phœbe sat there lost in thought, and conscious of a most helpless position. The more she dwelt upon it, the more she wondered what was going to be the outcome of it all. What was going to happen? How was she to save herself from the vague danger of which her instinct warned her? And slowly as she pondered over these things, there rose before her eyes the vision of a sunburned, honest face with frank eyes that had looked straight into hers, as her memory heard again the tones of a voice that had bidden her think of the speaker as a friend. Would he ever return, she wondered? Would the future ever bring forth anything to justify the germs of a hope which had begun to stir within her? Would she always feel herself so helpless and deserted? As all these depressing

thoughts crowded into her mind, the hot tears welled slowly into her eyes, and an expression of intense sadness stole over her face.

It is extraordinary how frequently Fate separates individuals, just when they might be of the greatest service to one another. If Hugh Strong had suddenly arrived at Snaithburn Castle that afternoon, and wandering round the tower had come upon the Niobe-like face of the girl who was sitting there, everything would have happened that ought to have happened, and this story would have ended here. But, as is universally known, the course of true love never did run smooth; sometimes indeed it stops short, and never runs any more, or perhaps protracts its course along the most circuitous channels; and the latter eventuality is the reason why a proper novel should always be in three volumes, for a less space of print and paper could not contain the wanderings of the passion.

After she had indulged her grief for some time, Phœbe rose and moved to a less secluded part of the ruins, fearing less Mason should return and question her as to the cause of her depression. Moreover, her uncle's violin was silent, and she was not sure if he had wandered too far. Accordingly she began to search the place, without any result for a short time, when, just as she was becoming anxious, she saw the old man, his head propped against a mossy stone, fast asleep, while his violin, which had dropped from his hands, lay upon the turf beside him. Phœbe sat down close by, and in a few minutes was joined by her cousin. She lifted her hand to impose silence, as he approached.

"Fallen asleep, has he?" remarked the dwarf in a low tone. "Really, he gets more childish every day. I believe he would be better off under more strict supervision."

"What do you mean?" she asked apprehensively.

"Well, there are places, very comfortable places too, where such irresponsible persons as our uncle can be properly taken care of."

"You don't mean to say you would send him to an asylum," cried the girl indignantly; "a poor, weak, old man like that, who never does any harm?"

"I don't know about not doing any harm," answered Mason. "He caused me considerable annoyance the other day by taking two strangers up-stairs, and romancing to them for the best part of an hour. However, I grant you he is not actively mischievous. You must remember, though, that he quite prevents our seeing any visitors; that is impossible, with him wandering about the house. His presence is your loss, and I fancy that lately, Phœbe, you have been rather dull."

"If my seeing visitors depends upon my uncle's being sent away from his home, I would rather live as I do now," answered Phœbe in a low tone.

"That is quite enough for me," said Mason. "I am quite ready to fall in with any views you may express upon the subject. If you prefer that my uncle should stay at Denehurst, he shall stay. You have only to say what you wish; I would rather do as you like."

"Then I wish him to stay at home," said the girl.

"Very well, then; I will not suggest sending him away," replied the hunchback. "I do not know why, but it seems to me, though I may be mistaken, that you are chary of letting me know your inclinations. Is it because you think I am likely to thwart them?"

Phœbe was silent, partly from surprise, as she remembered many previous occasions on which her desires had been imperatively pronounced

impossible. Here was a revolution in what she had learned to consider as the natural order of things.

"If you have that idea," went on Mason after a slight pause, "pray disabuse your mind of it. I assure you it is an entirely mistaken one, and I may add a state of affairs exceedingly painful to myself. If it has been brought about by any conduct of mine, I apologise, though I confess no instance occurs to me at this moment. You cannot, I hope, recall any occasion upon which I have treated you with rudeness or discourtesy?"

No, she could not. His most crushing comments had invariably been uttered in the most faultless language, and his cruellest sarcasms had been unimpeachably polite. It was only when she interfered between him and his uncle that his annoyance was apt to get the upper hand, and some remembrance of this prompted her next words. "If you want to accede to my wishes, I do wish one thing very much."

"And what is that?"

"I wish you would not play at cards with my uncle, or dice, or game at all. You know how it excites him, and how ill he always is afterwards."

"Very well," he answered without any hesitation. "I will destroy the cards to-night, and give all the dice in the house into your own keeping, if you like. Is that enough, or can you suggest anything else?"

"I do not want to keep the dice myself," replied the girl; "as long as you do not entice my uncle to play, it is all I want, and I thank you very much for saying you won't do so."

"I am delighted to fulfil your wishes," said her companion; "and I am very glad to have had this chance of ascertaining them. Now, I hope you will no longer wrong me by imagining that I try to oppose my interests to yours. I assure you my

dearest wish is to make them identical."

The latter part of his speech was sincere enough, and the ring of truth in his voice gave Phœbe a disagreeable suspicion, which, however, she stifled as impossible. Luckily too for her, her uncle woke at this moment, and thus further private conversation between her cousin and herself was for the time prevented.

But the day's surprises were not at an end yet for Phœbe. At dinner Mason produced champagne, in which he gravely and ceremoniously drank her health, and after dessert when she was preparing to leave the dining-room, he proffered a most unexpected request. "Could you come into the library presently, Phœbe? I have something to show you, and shall be very grateful if you can give me half an hour to-night."

She assented with a feeling of frightened wonder. The library was Mason's especial sanctum now, as it had once been Anthony's. Here he read, wrote his letters, held interviews on business, and in general transacted the affairs of the estate. It was very seldom that Phœbe entered the room, and she was conscious of considerable apprehension as she presented herself on this particular evening. The nights were beginning to get already a little chilly, so a log was smouldering with a dim glow upon the wide hearth. The twilight was still visible at the two long windows that opened on to the garden, but away from them, in the recess where Mason's writing-table stood, the darkness was sufficiently pronounced to render candles a necessity. Two of these were lighted upon the table, and with their coloured paper shades threw a halo of dull red into the surrounding dusk. Behind these and with his back to the wall sat the hunchback, his grotesqueness intensified by the half-light of the shaded candles, which looked to Phœbe like

two angry red eyes glaring through the obscurity.

Her cousin rose as she entered, and remained standing while she seated herself in a large leather arm-chair placed ready for her opposite to himself on the other side of the table. When she was fairly established, Mason laid his hand upon a large blue envelope which with unbroken seal lay before him. "I am exceedingly obliged by your coming, Phœbe; I hope you have no reason to hurry away again, as I have one or two most important matters to speak of." She merely made a gesture of assent and waited for what was coming next, too much puzzled to speculate what it might be. "The other day when I left home," he went on, "I did so to attend the funeral of your third cousin, the old man whose death you saw in the paper."

"Why did you not tell me where you were going?" she asked, for Phœbe was frank enough herself, and disliked an absence of this quality in others.

"Pardon me," he went on, "but I do not precisely see why I should inform you of my movements. What difference would it have made if you had known?" This was unanswerable, so she was silent, and again he continued his smooth speech. "I thought it wisest to attend the funeral, as representing yourself, and in case, — which seemed however very improbable, — you had any interest in the will." Here he paused again to give her an opportunity for speech, but finding she did not avail herself of it, he went on again: "I was mistaken. I heard the will read, and found that, upon the death of old Mr. Netherwood's son, you would inherit the whole of his property. This son is still a com-

paratively young man, and it may be many years before you come into the estate; on the other hand, unexpected things happen, and it may be yours almost immediately."

"For the present I suppose my expectations will make no difference to me," she said.

"The expectation, I may say the certainty, of one day coming into a handsome income, must make a difference," said Mason drily. "You are a woman with at present little experience of the world; when you have more knowledge of things in general you will find that your expectations will make the greatest possible difference."

"They do not make me any better off now," she said, a little wearily. "I am still dependent upon my uncle for everything I call my own. I am practically penniless."

"Here is a copy of the will, which has been forwarded by Mr. Chesham, your cousin's lawyer," said Mason, taking up the blue envelope. "It came this morning directed to yourself; but as I did not wish business to intrude upon the pleasures of the earlier part of the day, I took the liberty of detaining your letter till this evening. I will now hand it to you, and will ask you to be so kind as to glance over it. It is very short, and quite clearly expressed." He placed the stiff blue envelope with its shining red seal in her hand, pushed the candles towards her, removing their shades so that she might see more clearly, and then prepared to leave the room. "I have some orders to give," he observed, "and will return in a few minutes. In the meantime, you can master this document," and he went out leaving the girl to her own reflections.

(To be continued.)

A PRINCE OF WALES.

THE recent gathering at Aberystwyth, to celebrate the opening of the new University of Wales, is significant of that ardour for learning which to such a high degree animates the people of the Principality. But it is the more sentimental functions of the new foundation, the preservation and encouragement, that is to say, of Welsh literature and history, which most appeal perhaps to the alien. It is impossible to think of this congenial part of the University's duties, to say nothing of those singularly suggestive and romantic scenes among which it is set, without recalling the last great struggle against the English, or, to be strictly accurate, the Norman yoke. And with that struggle one name, a name in Wales imperishable and immortal, is alone identified. For among a host of kings and bards and warriors, whose memory Welshmen delight to honour, Owen Glendower, as the national hero, is without a rival.

The presence, moreover, at Aberystwyth of the gracious personage who now bears the ancient title of Prince of Wales, suggests the grim contrast five hundred years ago, when two redoubtable warriors, the one in his first youth, the other a grizzled veteran, contested in arms the right to bear it, till West Britain was almost a desert from the Severn to the sea. And even yet more directly pertinent than all these reflections is the one that, in the very forefront of Glendower's scheme of independence was the establishment of two national universities for Wales.

There is something almost pathetic

in this enduring gratitude, this canonisation of a personage whom the Saxon historian has for the most part treated with curt brevity, as an unsuccessful rebel. Most people are beyond a doubt indebted to the pages of Shakespeare for their introduction to the Welsh hero; and the poet has touched chiefly upon those peculiarities which contribute to the humorous portions of the play of HENRY THE FOURTH. If that much harried monarch could speak to us from the grave he would have plenty to say, we make no doubt, of the serious side of his indomitable opponent, who, for nearly the whole fifteen years of that turbulent reign, never ceased from troubling, and for the first half dozen was the very burden of his life.

Of the three parallel lines which traverse North Wales from the marches to the sea, the route over which the Great Western railway runs from Ruabon to Barmouth is by far the loveliest; there is, perhaps, no lovelier in all Britain. Ruabon is, of course, on the main line from Paddington to Liverpool, a cosmopolitan highway surely if there is one anywhere, and the flat plains that lie along one side of it are as wholly Saxon as Sussex. In the train that waits for the express at the siding, however, every third-class passenger is talking Welsh, and in ten minutes with no undue velocity we are transported into another land. Lofty hills tower upon either hand, and plunging down into the gorge between them we meet the Dee, as laden with its tribute of a hundred mountain streams and tarns it comes bursting out of the Vale of Llangollen.

There is no space here to dwell upon the beauties of this enchanting region. Mr. Ruskin has praised it as the most exquisite blending of woodland and river scenery known to him, and this may perhaps suffice.

We pass the old gray town that names the vale, and against whose walls the broad Dee beats perpetually with the fury of a mountain torrent. Eight hundred feet above us the rugged ruins of Dinas Bran, unsurpassed in Britain surely for pride of place, still defy the rage of the winds and the curiosity of the antiquaries. A few miles further and the hills swell into mountains, while the river, ever near us, but buried in groves of oak and sycamore, churns upon its rocks in yet louder key. Here ends, strictly speaking, the Vale of Llangollen; and we pause for a moment to take up a stray rustic or fisherman at a country station whose name, written large upon a white board against an ivied wall, may fairly strike terror into the Saxon tongue. Not many, we fancy, of the chattering travellers who make merry without fail over what seems to them so fearsome an arrangement in black and white, realise the significance of the name Glyndyfrdwy.¹ As a matter of fact, this was the home and these were the lands, the ancestral acres, of the great Glendower, of Owain de Glyndyfrdwy, or Owain of the Glen of the Dee, for *dyrfdwy* or *dwrfdwy* was the old Welsh name of the Dee, and signifies the sacred water. Owen was no mere mountain chieftain, no obscure gentleman, as English historians have rather led us to infer; he was in truth a powerful noble and a large landed proprietor. All along the railway, and along the Dee for the next five miles to Corwen, and far into the hills on either side, westward to the populous Vale of Edeirnion, south-

ward across to the head-waters of the Ceiriog, and northward to the infant springs of the Clwyd, ran the lordship of Glyndyfrdwy. Nor was this by any means the whole of Owen's property; but what is of more importance for the moment is a spot about a mile beyond the station, where the river, after hugging the line, turns suddenly off at a right angle. Here is a deep heaving pool beloved by trout and grayling, and where the salmon, travelling up in autumn, pause before breasting the line of tumbling rapids that gleam against the foot of the huge wall of larch and fern and heather that climbs up into the sky behind. High above both river and railroad, so close indeed to the latter that it might well pass unobserved, rises a lofty tumulus. From its summit spring a dozen ancient pine-trees, which perched thus aloft in the very neck of the valley sing mournful dirges with every breeze that blows.

Whatever the origin of the mound, it was no doubt used as a signal station by Glendower, whose name it bears. It marks, moreover, the actual site of his residence, traces of which yet remain in the meadow that divides the railroad from the old Holyhead turnpike. Beyond this spot the narrow valley widens, and makes room for what in Owen's day was a fine park full of game, as testify not only the native chroniclers but Henry the Fifth himself, who thus describes it in a letter to his father's Council. The village of Llansantffraid just beyond clings to a steep bank on the further side of the Dee. Within a stone's throw of the station an ancient homestead marks the site of Glendower's stables and farm-buildings. A neighbouring enclosure still bears the name of Parliament Field, while on the river brink a small stone house still stands, within which for many years Owen's handful of valuable

¹ The modern spelling is followed here.

prisoners was confined. Three miles away the little town of Corwen, nestling somewhat coldly in the deep shadow of the Berwyn mountains, marks the old boundary between the vales of Glyndyfrdwy and Edeirnion, and the limits of Glendower's domain, and here, as is natural, traditions of the hero lie thick at every turn.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this country of Glendower's, not merely with a view of illustrating as it were a familiar page of Bradshaw, but because its very situation was in truth the prime cause of a movement which for so many years set all Great Britain agog. For adjoining the lands of Glyndyfrdwy upon the English border was the lordship of Dinas Bran, already spoken of, and the great castle of Chirk, still so perfect, then in the hands of the potent Lord Marcher Warren. Upon the north the Greys of Ruthyn had, since the days of the first Edward, dominated and terrorised the Vale of Clwyd in the interest of the English king; and it was a boundary dispute, as we shall see, that lit the flame of war.

Owen Glendower was a son of Gryffydd Vychan, and a descendant of Elinor Goch (or the red), daughter of the great Llewellyn; and Glyndyfrdwy was but a remnant of the family property which had formerly embraced the lordships of Dinas Bran, of Chirk, Bromhead, and Yale, a sufficiently noble inheritance. Owen himself, as we have already said, was no rough borderer, no plain Welsh squire, but a polished gentleman and an accomplished courtier. Like many of the young nobles of his day he had been a Bencher of the Temple, and was afterwards attached to the persons of Bolingbroke and Richard, being with the latter till his final surrender at Flint Castle. In addition to Glyndyfrdwy and some property in South Wales, he owned

the fine estate of Syccherth near Oswestry, and thither, after the closing scene at Flint, he betook himself. Like all Welshmen he was attached to Richard, no doubt, and resented Henry's treachery; but there is no reason to suppose that Owen then meditated any active opposition. He was at this time somewhat past forty, and no doubt had seen much of life both in England, Ireland, and elsewhere. The exact year of his birth is disputed, but that he was ushered in by fearful portents came afterwards to be universally conceded by every good Welshman. Glendower's own opinion on this point is of course matter of history.

Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery
shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and
the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened
fields.

These signs have marked me extra-
ordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

But it was to be a year or two yet before he burst on his country as hero and magician. At present he was only quarrelling with his great neighbour on the north, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who, secure in the support of the newly crowned Henry, had thought it only reasonable to seize a strip of land belonging to Owen whose attachment to Richard had been so marked. Owen seems really to have been in favour of peaceful measures, for he carried the case before the King's court of justice. Unhappily for the country the court dismissed his suit with contumely and without a hearing, and this in spite of the urgent warnings of the Bishop of Saint Asaph, who not only knew the rights of the matter, but dreaded the consequences of driving to extremities

man of such power and influence among the Welsh as Owen. "What care we for the barefoots?" was the scornful reply of Henry's friends. For Lord Grey de Ruthyn was a special favourite of Henry, and, as will be seen, had before long good cause to be thankful for it, as well as to rue his reckless injustice. The Greys, as Lords of the Marches, seem to have been for some time the evil geniuses of the English power in Wales, and had earned for themselves unusual hatred. One more incident completed the breach between Glendower and Henry. The latter opened his reign with a campaign against the Scots, and had summoned Owen together with other Welsh barons to join his forces. The summons, however, was sent through Lord Grey, who purposely delayed its transmission till it was too late for his rival to obey, and Owen's failure to appear was put down to disaffection.

Glendower now took the law into his own hands, seized the common of Croesau to the north of Corwen which Grey had robbed him of, and in due course, after some successful skirmishing, retired, not to Glyndyfrdwy, but to his larger mansion at Sycharth. It seems even now more than probable that Owen would have moved no further in the matter if the impracticable Ruthyn had let well alone; but this is just what he would not do. Procuring on his own representation of the state of Wales an order from Henry to proceed against Glendower, he and his neighbouring Lord Marcher, Talbot, surprised him at his house at Sycharth. Owen was surrounded and very nearly captured, but contrived to escape into the woods; and from that moment in the summer of 1400 till his death in 1415 he remained an irreconcilable and unconquered foe of the English crown.

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This mansion of Sycharth is described by the famous bard Iolo Goch. With characteristic bombast he compares it to Westminster Abbey, and then, condescending to details, tells us that it had nine halls each containing a wardrobe filled with the clothes of its lord's retainers, and that there was a separate building, roofed with tiles, for the accommodation of guests. There were a gate-house and moat, a church in the form of a cross with several chapels, a park, warren, and pigeon-house, mill, orchard, vineyard, fishponds, and heronry. The hospitality here, and no doubt at Glyndyfrdwy, was boundless, and Iolo does as full justice in verse as he doubtless did in person to the wine and metheglin and general good cheer. Owen married a daughter of Sir David Hanmer, a Knight of Flint and a Justice of the King's Bench, and had many children. The fate of the sons, who mostly followed their father to his wars, seems doubtful; but his daughters married into notable Herefordshire families, Scudamores, Monningtons, and Crofts, and many descendants of the great Welshman are now living.

The Lords Marchers had now let loose a whirlwind they were quite incapable of stemming unaided. Glendower, renouncing the private aspect of his quarrel with the King's friends, now publicly proclaimed himself leader of a fresh struggle for Welsh independence, and the men of Merioneth, Carnarvon, and Montgomery flocked by thousands to his standard. Ruthyn was attacked upon a fair day, burned and plundered; even Shropshire was so harried that the town of Shrewsbury had for safety's sake to take security from its Welsh residents. In September Owen was proclaimed Prince of Wales, and in the same month Henry, with his son, then a boy of twelve, and a large army, made his first invasion of

the Principality. By October 19th he was back again at Evesham. He had penetrated as far as Anglesea, effecting nothing but the destruction of a monastery or two, which he had reason to suspect of disloyalty. Owen and his forces had retreated before him to that time-honoured sanctuary of Welsh patriotism the Snowdon Mountains, only to be masters of the whole country again the moment the King's back should be turned. Pardons were liberally offered to all Welshmen, Glendower and two or three others excepted, who would resort to Chester, where the young Prince was left on duty throughout the winter for the express purpose of granting them. But little response was given to Henry's overtures. Wales had been really attached to Richard, and the idea that he was still alive had been sedulously encouraged. Owen spent the winter in collecting men and rousing the country. Five counties only at that time existed in Wales, Flint, Anglesea, Carnarvon, Cardigan, and a part of the present Merioneth. These had been the creation of Edward the First, and here only the King's writ ran, which, by the way, it did not of course then do in Cheshire or Durham. The rest of Wales was governed from a multitude of castles whose English owners were absolute in great matters, though in ordinary ones the old Welsh laws and local divisions still survived.

The social state of Wales indeed at this time is extremely interesting; but if, as we suspect, there is a tendency to think of the Welsh of those days as a semi-barbarous people, such as were the Highlanders and native Irish, a brief protest may here at once be entered. The civilisation of Wales in Glendower's time was probably upon a par with all but the most favoured parts of England. This, to be sure, is a poor and bald way of dismissing a comparison that is full of fascination

for those who care for such things; but it is necessary, and sufficiently accurate for every practical purpose.

Wales was at that time full of mercenary soldiers living as peasant farmers. The spirit that had aroused the agrarian revolt in England not long before, a spirit of animosity towards the lords of the soil simply as such, was still strong and had much to do with the enthusiasm which greeted the standard of the golden dragon which Glendower now openly unfurled. The movement, in short, was not only patriotic but in a measure democratic also.

Out of their holes and corners, too, now crept the bards whose dreaded harps had for so long been silenced by the edict of the English kings. It was a golden age of Welsh poetry. Love-songs of much pathos and sweetness, odes in praise of husbandry, and the like, remain to show us how the long peace since the death of Llewellyn had turned the poetic fervour of Wales into softer channels. Now, however, the halls of Glyndyfrdwy, where Owen held high festival and kept open house, rang with martial song, and troops of bards from every quarter of Wales chanted of his high destiny and gallant deeds. "Strike then your harps," sang Gryffydd Llwyd, the laureate of Owen's court,

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian bards!

The song of triumph best rewards
A hero's toils. Let Henry weep
His warriors wrapt in everlasting sleep.
Success and victory are thine,
Owain Glyndyfrdwy divine!

Through the following spring and summer of 1401 Owen was moving rapidly about North Wales, hailed everywhere as prince and but feebly opposed. With a view no doubt of attaching the west he fixed his headquarters for a long time on the slopes of Plinlimmon. Here, while one of

guard with only a hundred and twenty men, a body of fifteen hundred Flemings from Pembroke made a dash for his person and succeeded in completely surrounding him. Capture seemed certain; there was nothing for Owen and his small band to do but to cut their way through or perish. They succeeded in the former, and Owen's reputation rose proportionately. Welsh students from Oxford in large numbers hastened to his standard; Welsh labourers from all parts of England followed in hot haste. Parliament grew frightened, and enacted various measures against Welshmen in general that were as exasperating as they were futile. France, sore about the death of Richard for the sake of his French Queen, was threatening war. The Scots were openly hostile. The harvest of 1400 had been a bad one, and corn had risen to thrice its usual price. Henry was desperately in need of money, and had to risk the popularity upon which his precarious title seemed to depend by demands as great as those which had ruined Richard. Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur, who had been sent to the Northern Marches of Wales, vowed he would stay there no longer unless money was sent him to oppose the spreading power of Glendower; and he was shortly as good as his word. Having fought at his own expense an indecisive engagement with the Welsh on the slopes of Cader Idris, he threw up his command in disgust and retired to the more congenial turmoil of the Scottish border. The northern counties, saving always the fortified castles, were by this time wholly at Owen's disposal, and he now swept down the valley of the Upper Severn, past the high-perched stronghold of Montgomery, to where Powis Castle looked down upon the border town of Welshpool. Here he was baffled

by Charlton Lord of Powis, but not before the town itself had suffered grievously from his visit. It was October before Henry, with the levies of one and twenty counties, could attempt the arrest of his vanishing supremacy in Wales. Again he clung to the sea-coast, marching by Bangor and Carnarvon and southwards into the county of Cardigan, which had now risen almost as one man for Owen. Winter campaigns were unheard of in those days, and in Wales indeed absolutely impossible; and the Welsh leader retired with his forces to the mountains, well knowing that time was his surest ally. Henry amused himself by confiscating estates in Cardiganshire and bestowing them on individuals whose lives, when his back was turned, would not be worth an hour's purchase should they again venture into the neighbourhood. He burned many churches, too, sacked the noble abbey of Strata Florida, drove out the monks, and stabled his horses at the high altar. He put to death also the wealthiest landowner in the county, and perhaps justly. This gentleman had two sons with Owen, and, offering to guide the King's army to the Welsh stronghold, misled them of design, and then, with heroic cheerfulness, laid his head upon the block and received the death he had courted. In a fortnight, flying before the spectre of winter, Henry was hurrying homeward along the Severn valley with a thousand children as captives, say the chronicles, but otherwise leaving Wales precisely as he had found it, save for some smoking ruins and a few homeless monks.

With the remnant of Welsh loyalty crowded into a score or two of yet unconquered castles, the virtual dictator of Wales spent the winter with his bards and courtiers at Glyndyfrdwy. The year 1402 broke upon the troubled land

of Britain with portents that stirred the imaginations of the Cambrian bards to ecstasies; especially a comet that stretched its fiery tail of winter nights above the dark masses of the Berwyn range. Cheered by such omens, and by the wine, no doubt, which flowed in such abundance, and by the successes of the past year, the harps sounded wilder notes than ever by the banks of the sacred Dee, and Owen's origin and Owen's prowess, his magic and his destiny, assumed amazing proportions. But the chief himself, valuing no doubt all this vocal and musical incense at its own worth, knew that as a factor in his enterprise it was by no means to be despised. He did not allow it, however, to interfere with his own vigorous action, for in the dead of the winter he made a rapid march to Ruthyn, beat Grey's forces in a pitched battle, and carried off his old enemy captive. Nor did he let him go again till the enormous ransom of ten thousand pounds in gold had been paid; a sum so great that the King had to appoint a commission to raise it, while its payment left the grasping Earl a poor man for the rest of a long life; which was perhaps not less than his deserts.

During the spring of this year Owen was moving rapidly with his forces over all North Wales, attacking the English castles that even with their small garrisons were formidable in their masonry, and coercing any wavering patriots there might still be among his countrymen, after the fashion of successful revolutionists. His rancour towards the Church was great, on account, no doubt, of the opposition of all its orders but the Franciscans, the worst of his many sacrilegious acts being the burning of the cathedrals of Bangor and Saint Asaph. By midsummer, however, he was in Radnor and fought much the

most memorable action he had yet engaged in, both in its details and in its consequences; it is with the arrival of this ill news of course that Shakespeare's play opens. The levies of Herefordshire and part of Radnor under Mortimer were crushed under the hill of Bryn-glas near Knighton; a thousand were slain, and Mortimer himself, the uncle of the rightful heir to the throne, the lad, that is to say, whom Henry had in safe custody, was taken prisoner. Whether Mortimer really played into Owen's hands, or whether he was honestly beaten and incensed with the King's refusal to ransom him, must ever be doubtful; but the important fact remains that he became from henceforward heart and soul Owen's man, married his daughter, and carried over the whole family interest in Hereford, Radnor, and the Vale of Clwyd to the Welsh cause. A gleam of seeming good fortune, however, had come to Henry from the north, for the deadly English arrows had utterly broken the Scottish chivalry at Homildon Hill, and the victorious Percies were free once more to rally to Henry's side. But France was daily threatening war, and Breton privateers were harrying the southern coasts, while nearly all Wales had slipped from his grasp. The Percies were sorely needed, and we all know in what fashion they ultimately came.

It was September before Henry had gathered that great army with which he was to crush rebellious Wales at a blow, and which Adam of Usk with certain exaggeration estimates at a hundred thousand men. It was to cross the border in three divisions under the King, Warwick, and Prince Henry respectively. The latter indeed, now in his sixteenth year, comes down to us from these Welsh wars, not as the frivolous libertine of popular tradition, but as

a precocious and zealous official in whom considerable trust and no little responsibility seems to have been reposed. Of glory, however, either by the Prince or his seniors very little was reaped in this disastrous campaign. The elements rose in their wrath and fought for Glendower with a fury such as no man living had ever seen in autumn. Dee, Wye, and Severn roared bank-high and over, sweeping the rare wooden bridges in fragments to the sea, and burying the fords deep beneath volumes of brown water. Rain fell for days in torrents, thunder roared, lightning flashed, and no tents could stand against the gales that blew from the west. Owen was already accounted a magician in Wales. If the English had scoffed at his powers they now no longer doubted them, and Henry's great host fell back to the Marches disheartened by a useless conflict, as they supposed, with a man who was allied with the Powers of Evil.

Owen had in the meantime been crowned at Machynlleth, and had summoned a Parliament from all the counties of Wales. Hither came, with dark designs on his life, a Welsh gentleman of note, one David Gam, who was attached to Henry's cause. But the new-crowned monarch discovered, or as a magician perhaps divined, the plot, and securing the person of his traitorous compatriot proceeded with him to Cardiganshire, where he harried his property and burned his house before his eyes, upbraiding him meanwhile in verse which is still preserved. Gam was held close prisoner for many years, probably in the house at Llansantffraid, in hopes, no doubt, of a large ransom from the King. He was ultimately released, however, and fell at Agincourt amid a group of Welshmen who were fighting valiantly round the person of the English sovereign.

The year 1403 was stirring and

eventful. Owen had been in treaty with Scotland, France, and Ireland. He had won over Mortimer, and now the Percies, offended with the King, were coming over too. Shakespeare has made memorable the scene at Bangor, the famous triple alliance in which Percy, Mortimer, and Glendower were to divide England and Wales between them. It is sad to relate, however, the historian, as in the case of Prince Henry's frolics, is inclined to shake his head over the incident. But whatever the conditions of the triple alliance, its existence was solid fact enough. For in June the Percies, hastening to their new Welsh allies, were caught by the King at Shrewsbury, and the bloodiest battle was fought between Englishmen that had yet been seen. Had Owen come up in time with his ten thousand men the issue would have been different; but Henry, who when once started was a marvel of celerity, was too quick for him. It was yet but early summer. The Percies were crushed and Hotspur killed. Henry with his victorious army was at the gates of Wales. Once more good luck served Owen's turn, and the harassed King had to hurry off in hot haste to defend the north against the Scots. When he returned again to the Welsh border it was the ominous season of autumn, and, what was worse, his exchequer was absolutely empty; not a man could be moved forward, and for yet another winter Owen was left the virtual master of Wales. He had been already strengthened by a large body of Breton troops, who spent the winter in South Wales; and in the spring of 1405 his chancellor, Gryffydd Yong, and his brother-in-law, Jenkin Hanmer, were sent to Paris to conclude a solemn treaty with Charles. The latter received them in the presence of his court with much ceremony, and the alliance was formally declared. In the meantime piteous appeals came

to Henry from his friends in Shropshire and Hereford. The battle of Shrewsbury, so far as the West was concerned, had been fought in vain; French troops were wasting the country from Pembroke to the gates of Shrewsbury, while Breton rovers were harrying the coasts of South Devon, Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight.

If want of space to touch upon the internal condition of Wales throughout these eventful years has conveyed an impression that the Principality was at peace within itself, let us hasten to correct it. A score or more centres of English influence fought for existence behind the castle walls to which they had been confined. Some of these strongholds could be re-victualled and re-manned from the sea, others by reinforcements thrown rapidly across from Chester or the Marches; but the great majority sooner or later fell into Owen's hands. There was scarce a castle in all Wales, indeed, but took its share in the long struggle of Glendower. Many of the massive fragments of masonry which still tower to heaven on lofty hill-tops, or cling to wave-beaten cliffs, or stand amid more peaceful scenes upon the banks of rivers whose fords they once guarded, date their decline from the rude treatment they received at this tempestuous time. The details of these memorable sieges are copious for those who care to study them, even to the names very often of the garrisons and the inventories of their provisions. One can only wonder, what with the annual though brief incursions of the English armies, and the internal harryings that went on continually, that a bullock or a barrel of flour was left in Wales. The helpless state of the English Marches after five years of this warfare may be judged from the fact that the town of Welshpool in despair of support made a separate truce with the formidable foe. Yet the England that Glendower so

long defied was no decadent, enfeebled country, but the England of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the scourge of France, the best fighting-machine in Europe.

The early spring of 1405 brought Owen his first serious reverses. Eight thousand Welshmen were badly beaten at Usk by Talbot, and the chief himself was defeated in Breconshire with a loss of fifteen hundred men. Among the slain was a brother, so like in form and feature, it is said, that for some time the victors thought the corpse to be that of the great Glendower himself.

The latter's fortunes seemed now on the wane; numbers of his followers sought the pardons that Henry was always liberal with; his armies vanished away, and Owen himself with a few adherents was forced to hide for weeks in caves and on mountains. A ravine on the slopes of Moel Hebog is still connected with him; a cave near the mouth of the Dysynni still bears his name. Henry himself records in a letter to his Council, still extant, how he burned Owen's mansion in Glyndyfrdwy and encamped in his park. The bards, too, were scattered and their harps silent. The voice of Iolo Goch, however, comes to us from this period, in wild laments for Owen's absence and summoning him home in impassioned tones. The whole story seems on the point of closing, when suddenly, in June, ten thousand Frenchmen, under Jean de Rieux, Marshal of France, and a brilliant company of officers, land at Milford Haven; at the same time Glendower springs into life again at the head of an equal force. There was some skirmishing with the loyal garrisons of Pembroke, and then the united army, twenty thousand strong, marched right through South Wales and up to Worcester, where the King was waiting for them. A series of indecisive engagements fol-

lowed, the invaders always retreating, and the King pursuing till the usual want of provisions and money drove him back. It was a singularly unenterprising campaign and effected absolutely nothing. As many of the French as ships could be found for returned home in October; the remainder spent the winter in Wales.

The chief events of Glendower's rebellion have now been briefly noted. The heyday of his power was over, and his royalty, though nominally maintained, had henceforward little meaning. The French gave him no further help, and great numbers of Welshmen sued for pardon; the names of two thousand men from Anglesea alone, the only county, by the way, in which no actual fighting had taken place, are preserved with the fines they severally paid. Owen, however, never lost heart. For five years more he kept Wales practically unconquered, and more than once the old warrior carried terror over the border. Prince Henry, however, and the Lords of the Marches under him, seemed henceforth sufficient to keep matters from getting worse. The King's repeated failures, which are surely among the greatest curiosities of English history, seeing what a capable soldier and alert man he was, may well have filled him with a superstitious dread of the stormy hills of Wales. Probably, however, the perennial impecuniosity under which he laboured, and against which he was powerless, kept him from any further attempts.

From this time forward Owen ceased to be a menace to the peace of England and to the throne; but for five years longer at least he kept Wales and its borders in a turmoil, and when even his exhausted country had relapsed into comparative peace, the stubborn patriot in the mountain fastnesses he knew so well still defied his

enemies. He was yet unconquered when his almost lifelong foe, Henry the Fourth, was laid in his coffin. One of the first acts of the new King's reign was actually a pardon to the indomitable Welshman whom his own military talents and energy had been taxed to the utmost in resisting. There is something pathetic in the fact that the pardon came just too late. The solitary figure of Glendower represented alone at this time the movement that for years had shaken England. Glyndyfrdwy and Sycharth had long passed by confiscation into other hands. Their once dreaded owner, if he was a wanderer, was at least not a hunted outlaw as is commonly represented. He had outlived the terror and the fear he had once inspired, and of the last two or three years of Glendower's life almost nothing is known. We have no authority for supposing, but we may surely do so, that it was a generous admiration for genius and valour that made the young King issue to so unreconcilable and so undaunted an enemy a pardon unsolicited. But Owen was dead. The actual details of his death and place of burial are matters of dispute with the Welsh antiquaries; but it seems probable that the house of his son-in-law, Monnington of Monnington, in Herefordshire, was the scene of his last hours; and it is generally supposed that his dust still lies in the churchyard there in some unrecorded grave. And if the pean of triumph sung by Gryffydd Llwyd in the heyday of Owen's glory was sadly falsified by events, his last stanza at any rate rings out to us over these five hundred years in tones whose prophetic significance no one can gainsay:

And when thy evening sun is set
May grateful Cambria ne'er forget
Thy noontide blaze; but on thy tomb
May never-fading laurels bloom!

RAHEL LEVIN AND HER TIMES.

THERE exist rare personalities, principally among women, which are both original and magnetic. They can draw together the most various characters, while at the same time they hold peculiarities in suspension by virtue of a comprehensive sympathy. A society thus held together, centred round one person, frequently meeting and anxious to meet frequently, is generally known as a salon. The woman who successfully presides over a salon helps to raise social life to a fine art.

The salon was Parisian in its origin, and its very name brings sparkling memories of fine gentlemen in powder and fine ladies in brocade; but the prototype formed in the *Ville-Lumière* gradually found itself reproduced in the heavier Germanic circles. Madame de Staël, when she came to Berlin in 1803, found that all the most distinguished citizens were in the habit of meeting at the house of the brilliant Jewess who is the subject of our sketch. The influence of Rahel's salon extended, with certain interruptions, over twenty years, while during that period she may be fairly said to have represented what *Sainte-Beuve* so aptly calls the tinctive social current of her time. Rahel's salon differed from its older rival in Paris in the breadth of its interests. Madame de Staël's visitors were chiefly politicians and diplomats; in the circle which surrounded Rahel were seen such men as Prince Louis Ferdinand, Prince Radziwill, Von Humboldt, Gentz, Heine, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Jean Paul Richter.

The circle to which she belonged

was to a certain extent exceptional. She was born in 1771, a Jewess, the daughter of a well-known and fairly wealthy Berlin jeweller, and received the name of Rahel Antonie Frederike. Her health was naturally delicate, and her home not a very happy one. She had also to face the fact that in the eyes of some her race was a disadvantage. On her deathbed she could say: "That which was during the early part of my life the greatest ignominy, the cause of bitterest sorrow, to have been born a Jewess, I would not now have otherwise at any price."

Wealth and intellect, however, can always find their admirers in a great city; and the Jews of Berlin, like so many other Jews, possessed a fair share of both. Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, was an intimate friend of Rahel Levin's family; his daughters were among her dearest companions.

To associate with the guests assembled at the Mendelssohns' house was in itself an education; Lessing was a lifelong friend and frequent visitor; Lavater, Von Humboldt, and the brothers Grimm were often to be met there. Moses Mendelssohn had the strongest belief in giving a solid education to girls as well as to boys, and his own daughters were accomplished linguists. The girls and their friends read fiction in all languages; "We were possessed with the desire to become heroines of romance," says *Henriette Herz*. Indeed their lives were not entirely unromantic. Dorothea Mendelssohn was to pass through half her existence as a Jewish matron, wife of David Veit, then to leave her home for the sake of

that eccentric Christian, Frederick Schlegel. Henrietta de Lemos, the ideal of a lovely Jewish maiden, after becoming at fifteen years old the bride of Marcus Herz, had a long and toilsome pilgrimage before she reached the end of an honourable and honoured life. Rahel was less highly educated than her friends, but she had an instinctive appreciation of intellectual power. When sixteen, she met at the house of Doctor Marcus Herz, Mirabeau, "a burly French gentleman in the inevitable powder and pigtail of the day, with fierce eyebrows, pitted with smallpox"; and the enthusiastic energy of his talk made her forever after in love with the very thought of political freedom. The fiery orator of the Revolution, on his part, was sufficiently influenced by what he saw of Jewish society in Berlin to join the Abbé Grégoire on his return to Paris in a movement for the rehabilitation of the Jews. About the age of twenty-one Rahel became engaged to a Count von Finkenstein; but inevitable religious difficulties separated them, and the anxieties of this affair overshadowed her life for a time. She next went to Paris; and during a long stay there her animated sketches of people and things in 1800 were circulated even among strangers. Jean Paul Richter vowed that they were worth ten descriptions. "No one," he said, "has thus at a glance understood and characterised the French people. What eyes they were to see so keenly and clearly the truth and only the truth!" Richter always considered her the only woman in whom he had found a sense of humour. It was during these years that Rahel fell once and for ever under the influence of Goethe, and was soon accepted by her friends as an interpreter of his works. The master himself never met her till years later, but he knew her letters and her talk by report. "Yes,"

he says, "she is a charming girl, strong in her emotions and yet prompt in their utterance. In short, she is what I call a beautiful soul." This admiration for Goethe attracted kindred spirits to make her acquaintance. Among them was Ludwig Tieck, the son of the Berlin rope-maker, and her admiration for his originality led Rahel to think him almost equal to her idol.

Already people in Berlin who enjoyed brilliant and intellectual talk were beginning to break through the bonds of caste and prejudice, and to frequent the houses of such Jews as Moses Mendelssohn, Doctor Herz, and Madame Levin, Rahel's mother; and a kind of literary society called the *Tugendbund* had been formed among them. We have an account of an evening spent in the year 1801 in Rahel's house in the Jägerstrasse written by a French gentleman who had been introduced to her.

Upon the sofa beside the hostess was seated a lady of great beauty, a Countess Einsiedel, . . . in the background stood Frederick Schlegel in conversation with Rahel's brother. The door opened suddenly and a laughing, picturesque figure entered and rapidly took possession of the armchair by Rahel. It was Madame Unzelmann, a well-known actress. "What is this," cried Rahel; "is there no Maria Stuart?" "Ifland has brought out another piece in which there is nothing for me to do. I turn it therefore to the best account, by coming to spend the evening with you!" "This is charming," said Rahel; "and best of all you already find here two special admirers, Schlegel and my brother." Baron Brinckmann was about to step forward, when Frederick Schlegel, with the awkwardness peculiar to him, advanced and said in a solemn confused way, that it was not he, but his brother August Wilhelm, who was the enthusiastic admirer of Madame Unzelmann. The talk became very animated, ranging over the most varied topics. I heard the boldest ideas, the acutest thoughts, the most capricious play of fancy, all linked and suggested by the simple thread of accidental

chit-chat. Most remarkable of all was Mademoiselle Levin herself. . . . About Goethe she said some astonishing things, such as I have never heard equalled. Gentz entered, but was careful not to go near Schlegel, who thought him a "paid scribbler, miserable enemy of freedom." Rahel, ever observant, succeeded in drawing him into an animated discussion which was interrupted by the entrance of Prince Louis Ferdinand. All rose for a moment but resumed their places and conversation as before. The handsome face of the Prince was clouded, and his manner uneasy and pre-occupied; he entered at once into conversation with Rahel. He spoke with angry indignation against Napoleon, and of the friendly relations still maintained towards him by the Prussian Court; he accused the Emperor of undermining the freedom of Europe. Some one referred to his brother-in-law, Prince Radziwill, to whom he was strongly attracted by their common love of music. The Prince inquired if he had not already been there. "No," was the reply; "he has probably gone to his hunting-seat." "Gone to hunt! you do not know my brother-in-law," said the Prince with a smile. "He hunts, of course, when he must, but it is all done in a musical sense. His love of sport is abundantly gratified by leaning, rifle in hand, against a tree and singing *La Caccia! La caccia!*" When the Prince took up his hat to go the company followed his example. But upon the staircase Prince Radziwill met and brought him back into the room. The departing guests as they passed beneath the windows of the house heard delightful strains of music stealing upon the night air. It was Prince Louis improvising, as he was wont to do in certain moods. Rahel and Prince Radziwill stood by the window listening.

Rahel is described at this time as neither tall nor handsome, but delicately formed and most agreeable in appearance; with pure, fresh complexion and dark expressive eyes. The room in which she received her guests was simply furnished, but gave evidence of her refined taste and love of music; the refreshments offered were the plainest. Guests in such meetings as these came for social intercourse not for show, and hostesses had the courage to invite their friends

when wit and good-humour were the chief attractions they could offer.

Jean Paul Richter came to Berlin in 1804, and his first introduction was to Rahel. She was so surprised to find that the whimsical author could talk just like common-place people that she repeatedly exclaimed, "You cannot be he!"

When Madame de Staël came to Berlin she was invited to spend an evening with Baron Brinckmann, Rahel's lifelong admirer and friend, for the special purpose of meeting her. After a lively conversation with Rahel, she remarked to Brinckmann: "You have exaggerated nothing; she is extraordinary. I can only repeat what I have often said during my travels, that Germany is a mine of genius whose depths are yet unexplored." Then addressing Rahel, she said: "Mademoiselle, if I stayed here, I believe I should become jealous of your superiority." "Oh, no, Madame," replied Rahel. "I should come to love you, and that would make me so happy that you would only be envious of my happiness."

It appears, however, that the brilliant French writer retained some feeling akin to jealousy, for when she received guests at her own house, Rahel was not among the few ladies admitted. To Rahel Madame de Staël appeared "like a disturbing hurricane"; while her book, *L'ALLEMAGNE*, she characterised as "one lyrical sigh that she can no longer lead the Paris conversation." There was no room for two such women in one capital.

It was in 1803 that Rahel, then thirty-two years of age, met the man she was afterwards to marry, Varnhagen von Ense, whose memoirs and letters throw such a direct light upon his generation. He was at that time acting as tutor to the sons of an intimate friend of Rahel, the banker

Cohen, and he had often heard her discussed as one who was in touch with the best life of the great century of German letters, and was therefore anxious to make her acquaintance. One night, when he was reading to the Cohens some extracts from Wieland, Rahel was announced. "From what I had heard from others," says Varnhagen in his Reminiscences, "I was prepared to see a most extraordinary person; what I did see was a light graceful figure, small but vigorous, with delicate, well-rounded limbs, and hands and feet peculiarly small. The forehead, which was shaded by a profusion of black hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick, determined glances left one in doubt whether they were more disposed to receive impressions or to communicate them, and a settled expression of melancholy added a charm to her clear and open face; while in the short conversation I had with her I found that the chief feature and quality of her mind was that natural, unborrowed vivacity which throws upon every subject some new light and shadow. Three years afterwards," he continues, "I happened to meet Rahel one cold spring morning under the lime-trees. I knew her companion to whom I spoke, and while I walked a short distance with them, Rahel to my delight joined in the conversation, and asked me to visit her in her mother's house in the Jägerstrasse. Our intimacy strengthened daily; I told Rahel all my secret thoughts, and nowhere could I have found truer sympathy or more useful advice."

It would be impossible to tell the story of any cultivated German of this period without some reference to the stirring European events which then affected all classes. The great democratic French Revolution had developed into a military tyranny;

Napoleon, as Emperor, aspired to universal despotism. The Prussian Court still preserved a neutral attitude towards the conqueror, the secret hope of the acquisition of Hanover being its real motive. A treaty of alliance was almost signed between Prussia and Napoleon in August, 1805. But French troops having forced their way through Prussian territory, the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz laid all Germany at the feet of France. Prussia then saw herself as others saw her, and knew that she was only a tool in Napoleon's hand. The patriotic Queen Louisa, Prince Louis, and the warlike party in Berlin rejoiced that their countrymen's eyes should thus be opened. Pitt had clearly pointed out that Prussia was responsible for this disastrous campaign, and the map of Europe was rolled up before his dying eyes.

Even yet, however, the attractions of Hanover overcame the King of Prussia's patriotism; a fresh treaty was signed with Napoleon, and Count Schulenberg seized the coveted territory. Great Britain, in retaliation, swept nearly every Prussian ship from the ocean; Napoleon himself abundantly showed his contempt for his weak ally. Rahel was at one with all her distinguished friends in feeling the depth of degradation into which her country had fallen. Jewess as she was, she thought in these matters only as a Prussian. Her friend Gentz had published a patriotic pamphlet which produced a great impression; and when it was publicly known that Napoleon was actually entering into negotiations with England to restore Hanover, then, indeed, Prussia saw how fruitlessly she had sinned. One last act of aggression filled up the cup; Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, who had circulated Gentz's pamphlet and

the songs of Arndt and Gleim, was shot by order of a French court-martial, and the magistrates of his town were threatened with the same fate. Fox held up this outrage to universal odium before he descended to his grave. Gentz drew up a noble manifesto against Napoleon; Prince Louis was longing to lead his countrymen into action; while Napoleon answered by describing Queen Louisa as an "Armida in her madness setting fire to her own palace."

But it was soon over. Prince Louis died bravely in the action at Saalfeld; the crushing blow of Jena felled the resisting nation to the earth. Henriette Herz tells us the announcement which reached Berlin: "The King has lost a battle. Quiet is the first duty of the citizen. I require it from the inhabitants of Berlin." "Who thought," she asks, "of disturbing its 'quiet'?" The Berliners could even find it in their hearts to laugh when the French troops rode into their city: "Little fellows in grey cloaks, talking noisily together, riding three upon one horse, and *pour comble d'horreur* upon their three-cornered hats, in close proximity to those tricolours which had figured victoriously in two hemispheres, was stuck a leaden spoon ready for instant service." At once they were dubbed the Spoon Guards.

Napoleon showed his vengeance in characteristically petty manner by lying bulletins about Gentz and about the Queen of Prussia, while he publicly declared that he would render the German aristocracy so poor "that they shall be obliged to beg their bread." The pathetic story of his interview with the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, and the failure of her passionate prayers to influence him, made a deep impression on the minds of her devoted and admiring subjects. Other distinguished women suffered

from the conqueror's harshness at this time; both Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier were banished from Paris.

It was during the winter of 1807-8, within sound of the French guns, that the philosopher Fichte delivered his famous DISCOURSES TO THE GERMAN NATION, and all classes in Berlin were inspired by them. They gave the keynote to a band of eager young men, Fouqué, Chamisso, Hitzig, and Neumann, all intimate friends of Rahel and of Varnhagen, who became known as the North Star Band, and who helped to rouse Berlin against Napoleon.

Rahel and Varnhagen had now become betrothed to each other. "I was twenty-four years old," he writes, "Rahel my senior by more than half those years. This circumstance taken by itself might seem likely to have driven our lives widely asunder. It was, however, but an accident; it was essentially of no account. This noble life so rich in joy and sorrow retained all its youthful vigour; not only the powerful intellect which hovered above every-day regions, but the heart, the senses, the whole corporeal being were as though bathed in clear light. A lasting union was, however, at that time denied us."

Meanwhile Goethe, that serene Jupiter of the German Olympus, preserved a calm unbroken by sight of his country's sufferings. When asked by Perthes to help the NATIONAL MUSEUM, a projected patriotic paper, he declined. He found it, he said, difficult to be just to the passing moment. "Our interest in public events," he was wont to maintain, "is mostly the merest Philistinism." Nothing indeed seemed certain but disgrace, and this, we are told, drove the men and women of that day to the solace of literature and to the stimulus of intellectual intercourse. Their

habits whether at home or in society were of enviable simplicity. Rahel, Henriette Herz, Schleiermacher, and his sister would have their rooms and balconies filled to overflowing with evening guests, not only independent of the adjunct of ices and champagne but grateful if the supply of tea and bread and butter proved adequate to the demand. All suffered from the same straitened circumstances and none were ashamed of a poverty forced upon them from without.

For two years the French occupied Berlin, when suddenly, at a time when all seemed hopeless, the Austrians won the glorious victory at Aspern. This was Napoleon's first defeat, and the news was received at Berlin with the wildest enthusiasm. Hope again revived, and Varnhagen at once left to join the Austrian army as a volunteer with his friend Von Marwitz. He was wounded at Wagram, and taken as a prisoner of war to Vienna, where his faded and war-worn uniform procured him a hearty welcome from the Arnsteins, Eskeles, and Pereiras. But peace was a necessity to Austria, and the hand of Maria Louisa was given as its price. Varnhagen accompanied Count Bentheim to Paris and witnessed the fêtes in honour of Napoleon's marriage with the Archduchess, his visit greatly increasing his dislike for the French Cæsar. Rahel spent a dreary time in Berlin during her lover's absence. All her friends were dispersed; Schlegel and his brilliant wife were in Paris, Tieck was in Dresden, and Henriette Herz at Rügen. She corresponded much with Frau von Fouqué, wife of the creator of Sintram and Undine, a quaint unworldly creature, who lived among his own medieval dreams in his father-in-law's ancestral halls of Neunhausen. "Do not live so much alone, dear Fouqué," Rahel wrote to him. "Nothing should lie waste in us, least of all human inter-

course; we need the inner stimulus which comes of such contact only."

After a long and dreary separation Rahel and Varnhagen spent some time together at Teplitz. "About this time," he writes, "I and Rahel became acquainted with the divine musician who threw all others into the shade." It was Beethoven, of whose presence at Teplitz all had heard, but whom none had yet seen. His deafness made him avoid society, and his peculiar ideas, increased by solitude, rendered it difficult to be acquainted with him. He had, however, occasionally seen Rahel in the Castle gardens, and had been struck by her countenance, which reminded him of some beloved face. Beethoven did for her what he had obstinately refused to do for many; he sat down to the pianoforte and played his yet unpublished pieces, or allowed his fancy to run wild in the most exquisite improvisations.

Varnhagen was asked by the Prince de Ligne to accompany him to Vienna as his adjutant; but he felt that in the present state of Austria's alliance with France such a position would not be congenial to him. He meant to work both with sword and pen against Napoleon, so he rejoined Count Bentheim at Prague and Rahel was once more alone. Then came the campaign of Russia and Napoleon's disastrous retreat. The Russians crossed the Vistula into Germany; and early in 1813 Count Wittgenstein and his Cossacks chased the French soldiers through the streets of Berlin. Varnhagen was appointed adjutant to General Tettenborn, and together they started for that campaign in North Germany which was to prove fatal to the French army. Victory succeeded victory, till at last not a Frenchman was left on the right bank of the Elbe; and on the 18th of March Tettenborn made his entry

into Hamburg. At night, when he appeared with Varnhagen and other officers at the opera, the audience rose in a body and sang the popular song "To Hamburg's Success." Some play was improvised, we are told, and every piece of clap-trap was rapturously applauded. The famous actress Schröder came upon the stage with a Russian cockade and was greeted with a storm of applause. Rahel meanwhile was in Berlin spending her time and money in caring for the wounded, organising the hospitals, and collecting subscriptions for widows and orphans. "The Jews give all they possess," she writes. "It was to them I first turned. Dear good August, in this terrible time do make an effort to write something about the hospitals. My heart has been so oppressed by all that I learn about the mismanagement. You must tell people plainly, earnestly that it is the most dreadful of all sins to cheat the sick and wounded. . . ." Early in the summer she removed to Prague and carried on the same good work. "Each poor fellow," she writes again, "wings my heart; mere villagers, but they behave admirably. Everywhere there is courage, goodwill, help of all kinds. I have no room for the number of anecdotes which are on the lips of all. In Breslau a number of ladies were in consultation about collecting money. A young girl suddenly left them and presently returned with three thalers. They saw at once that she had parted with her hair. A messenger was sent to the hairdresser, the long locks of hair were brought back and made up into rings which were sold at high prices for the good cause." And again, a few months later, she writes of the wounded soldiers: "The unfortunate creatures lay last week in carts, crowded together in the narrow streets, all under drenching rain. As in the olden times it is the townsfolk who

did everything. They fed and tended the sufferers in the streets or on the floors of the houses. The Jewish women distinguished themselves; one alone bound up three hundred wounds in one day."

It was at Prague that Rahel received the news of Fichte's death. During the winter he had resumed his stirring lectures, but was attacked by nervous fever and died after a few days' illness on January 27th, 1814. Rahel, who loved him as a friend and always called him her dear master, mourned him in a beautiful tribute: "With him Germany loses half its power of sight; we may well tremble for the rest. . . . Fichte can sink and die! Is it not like an evil enchantment? Yesterday, I saw it in a Berlin paper. I felt more ashamed than shocked, ashamed that I should be left alive; and then I felt a sudden fear of death. If Fichte must die no one is safe. I always think there is no safeguard against death like really living; and who lived more fully than he? Dead however he is not, cannot be! Is Fichte not to see the country recovering itself from the war, border-marks and hedges replaced, the peasantry improved, the laws mended. . . . thought free to utter itself to King and people—this alone a happiness for all future! Lessing! Lessing too is gone, remembered only by a few. He who had to fight for ideas which now stand in every day's newspaper; which have become so commonplace that people forget the originator and repeat them time after time in stolid imbecility! Lessing, Fichte, all such honoured men, may you see our progress, and bless it with your strong spirits! It is thus I think of the saints, enriched by God, loved by God and faithful to Him. Peace be with our revered master!"

In 1814, during the general cessation of hostilities, Varnhagen and Rahel returned to Berlin and their romance, begun under the lime-trees, ended in a happy marriage, soon after which they left for Vienna, Varnhagen being among the diplomatists summoned to the Congress.

In the city of the blue Danube Varnhagen and his wife found themselves in a circle of brilliant personages. The Emperors of Austria and Russia were there, with Talleyrand, Nesselrode, Pozzo de Borgo, Prince Hardenberg, Wellington, Castlereagh, and Gentz, who alone is said to have seen every one else's cards while skilfully concealing his own. Varnhagen adds: "I need scarcely say that the Imperial Court had prepared the most brilliant reception and kept open table for all its illustrious guests and their numerous retainers and dependants. . . . But what I must mention as remarkable and what no one could have conceived, had he not witnessed it, was the atmosphere of Viennese life, the element in which days slipped away, the jovial luxury, the strong out-pouring of fun and laughter, the happy good-humour . . . the half-Italian *dolce far niente* and its concomitant half-Italian humour." Day after day festival succeeded festival; the love of display, amusement and dancing asserted its full power till the old Prince de Ligne was felt to have summed up the situation once for all in his celebrated epigram: *Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas*. Rahel found at Vienna many intimate friends and even relations among the Jewish circles there. Marianne Meyer, her cousin, now Frau von Eybenberg, themorganatic wife of Prince Reuss, was a celebrated beauty. The Schlegels, now Roman Catholics, rejoined her there. She was a welcome guest at the Arnsteins' brilliant reunions, and it was with them she stayed when the

Congress broke up in confusion on the news of Napoleon's flight from Elba.

When Varnhagen was summoned to Berlin on diplomatic business, Rahel removed to Frankfort-on-Maine; a truly memorable visit to her, for it was in this city that she first met Goethe. Having made an excursion with her friends to Niederrad, the scene of the Gretchen-episode in Goethe's early days, a carriage passed them, and Rahel, looking in, saw the poet. "He too was making a pilgrimage back into the days of his youth. The shock, the delight makes me wild. I cry out, 'There is Goethe!'" Goethe laughs, the ladies laugh. I seize hold of Vallentin, and run on ahead of the carriage; then, facing round, I see him once more."

But better still was to come. On September 8th, 1815, she writes: "This is a letter worth having. Now will you rejoice that I am still here, good, dear August. Goethe was with me this morning at a quarter past ten. This is my diploma of nobility. But I behaved myself so badly, like one to whom the stroke of knighthood is given before all the world by the wise brave king whom he honours above all. . . . Toothbrush in hand, in a state of red powder, I stood in my dressing-room when the landlord came up and said to Dora, a gentleman wished to speak with me. I thought, a messenger from Goethe. I ask who it is, and Dora returns with Goethe's card, and the message, he will wait a little." Thus like so many long-looked-for interviews this one came inopportunately at last, and the admirer said not all she wished to the admired one. ". . . He said, with a somewhat Saxon, very flowing accent, that he regretted he had not known I was at his house. . . . I told him about the Congress and the impression it had made on me. About that he was very wise, looking at it as an affair

done with two centuries before, and said it was not a thing to be recorded as it had no form or outline. Altogether he was like the most aristocratic prince, like the most amiable man; easy but dignified and avoiding personalities. . . . No Olympian deity could make me more honourable or show me greater honour. At first I thought of sending you his card, but I will not trust it to the post."

It is strange to find the patriotic Rahel's devotion uncooled by her idol's philosophic indifference, on account of which so many rising men of the day almost hated him. Years afterwards she writes to her brother Ludwig Robert, on hearing that Goethe had been decorated with the Black Eagle of Frederick the Great: "Now my work has not been for nought. I have the Black Eagle Order of Frederick the Great. It fully covers my rewarded heart. . . . That this man (Goethe) should thus experience that his contemporaries acknowledge, study, comprehend, idolise, love him with sincerity is the summit of all my earthly desire and effort. This I have helped forward, I, a ball in the hand of Providence,—Madame Guyon says she is that—and of this happiness I am proud."

In 1819 the Varnhagens again settled in Berlin, but to find everything changed. The angel of death had been abroad in the land, and Rahel, writing to her friend Baron Brinckmann, alludes very pathetically to the gaps made by the cruel war. "Death upheld by war, has made great havoc among those friends whom your description shows to have been deeply engraved upon your memory. In every corner of our quarter, where we used to see our dear ones, are now strangers. They are all tombstones. Scattered like dust is the whole constellation of beauty, grace, coquetry,

wit, preference, cordiality, pleasantry, unrestrained intercourse, earnest purpose, and spiritual development. Every house is becoming a shop; every social meeting a dinner or a party. . . . Everybody is wise and has bought his wisdom at the nearest market."

Such is the inevitable experience of all who live long enough. Rahel's letters and diaries were shown to her friends, and by many were copied and admired; she seems to have felt a kind of pride in being a voluminous unprinted author. It was not till 1830 that Varnhagen collected passages from her manuscripts and published a short book of aphorisms entitled *STRAY THOUGHTS OF A BERLINER*. She says of herself: "I am certainly not unwilling to become an author: I should not be ashamed to write a work like Newton's on astronomy or mathematics; but to be able to produce no work and yet to be in print, is a thing I abhor."

As to religious belief, Rahel had ceased to be a Jewess of the stricter sort for many years; she had indeed been brought up, as she herself says, "as if I were in a wild wood, without any religious teaching." We have seen that she regretted her Jewish birth; but as time went on her heart and intellect led her to appreciate her noble heritage as we may glean from the following quotation: "What a history is mine! I, a fugitive from Egypt and Palestine, find with you help, love and tender care! It was God's will, dear August, to send me to you, and you to me. With delighted exaltation I look back upon my origin, upon the link which my history forms between the oldest memories of the human race and the interests of to-day, between the broadest interval of time and space."

It does not appear when, if ever, she made a public profession of the

Christian faith, though undoubtedly she embraced its doctrines in a broad, humanitarian, perhaps rationalistic spirit. Many mystic works of Christian authors were beloved by her, notably those of Angelus Silesius. Custine said of her that she had the mind of a philosopher with the heart of an apostle. One of her sayings about herself will throw some light on her beautiful and sympathetic nature: "When I come to die, you may think: 'she knew everything because she entered into it all, because she never was or pretended to be anything in herself; she only loved thought and tried to make thought connected and harmonious. She understood Fichte, loved green fields, loved children, knew something of the arts both of use and beauty; endeavoured to help God in His creatures always, uninterruptedly, and thanked Him that He had made her thus.'"

In the summer of 1832 her health, which had long been a matter of serious anxiety to Varnhagen, began to fail. In March, 1833, she died; and we may fitly close our account of

Rahel with the noble and touching tribute offered to her memory by Heine, who had already dedicated to her the Heimkehr poems of his *Book of Songs*. He speaks of the delight with which her published letters were received by all her friends: "It was a great deed of August Varnhagen when he, setting aside all petty objections, published those letters in which Rahel's whole personality is revealed. This book came at the right time when it could best take effect, strengthen and console. It was as if Rahel knew what posthumous mission should be hers. She died quickly that she might more quickly rise again. She reminds me of the legend of that other Rachel, who arose from her grave and stood weeping by the highway as her children went into captivity. I cannot think of her without sorrow, that friend so rich in love, who ever offered me unwearied sympathy and often felt not a little anxious for me, in those days when the flame of truth rather heated than enlightened me. Alas those days are over!"

THE LONG VACATION.

OXFORD has settled down for the Long Vacation. What this means only those who live there the year through can fully understand. It is true that we are nowadays much less of a city apart than we were sixty years since, when our visitors came over the old Magdalen Bridge on the coach from London, and when the seclusion of our colleges was still guarded by the statutes enforcing celibacy. Since then, a new world has grown up in that region where King Charles once parked his artillery, while trains, alas! too frequent and too rapid, have put the quiet University town at the mercy of the motley throng of visitors who come pouring in from London and the great towns of the north. Yet even now the city has at certain happy moments a touch of the old-world tranquillity that was once its perpetual charm; and the stir and bustle of the Long Vacation, even at its busiest season, cannot destroy the serenity of its ancient gardens and beloved byways for those who know how to avoid the throng. Perhaps in no other place in England is the world so strangely and so regularly turned upside down once a year as in this most conservative of cities. For the tendencies that shyly show themselves in the short intervals of Christmas and Easter blossom into full assertion and dignity when the murmur of the bees begins to be heard along the lime-trees of Trinity and New College, and when the last lingering undergraduate has disappeared from the schools, only to return for a brief term of *viva voce* in the depth of July, to find himself

almost forgotten by his landlady, a stranger in a strange world.

Now, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, the parts are reversed; the University retires into the background and the citizen dominates the scene. Only once and again in the dead midsummer slumber the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors will proceed to the Convocation House to confer degrees; and for one short moment the streets will be sprinkled with academic figures, college deans hurrying to present their pupils, or new-made graduates hastening to put off the untried and cumbersome honour of the bachelor's gown. But the town pays little heed to these passing ceremonies (saving indeed your unpaid tradesman, who will still bar his debtor's graduation, though no longer by the picturesque form of plucking the proctor's gown), and the waves of civic society soon close again over the sleeping life of the University. The happy shopkeeper now finds it possible to put up his shutters early on Saturday as well as Thursday, for the University is away and his fellow townsmen are making holiday. Late into the summer nights the lonely dweller in a college, as he sits high above the street at his window inhaling the fragrant summer scents, of lilies and woodbine and late-gathered hay, that come floating up from the moonlit gardens and the wide Thames valley, may hear boisterous sounds from coach or brake, full of college servants or other city folk returning from some country festival; and it must be granted that for rousing clamour at nights your

townsman, who lives in no fear of the proctors, is fully the equal of the undergraduate whose part he is playing. For now is the people's holiday: Jack is as good as his master; and from shy shelves and cupboards suddenly appears the summer finery of wives and daughters, while the citizen himself, who has gravely pursued his duties through the term in sober black or grey, bursts forth in all the easy glory of some boating or cricketing costume as gay as any term could show. Go into some college chapel where there is a choral service on a Sunday afternoon in July, and you shall see the strangest transformation from the days of term. Along the benches, where a month ago you saw the boyish faces of undergraduates, now throng happy families of town-folk beaming in the bravery of silks and muslins, and enjoying vastly the music of the service and the anthem, and joining with a simple vigour in some familiar hymn. It is a pleasant sight, and the democratic rearrangement of the congregation gives it a piquant interest of its own. The Warden and Fellows are allowed to sit in their accustomed places; but for the rest, the college servant in charge dispenses his favours with a fine disregard of social precedence. You may see his friend, the good lady from behind a counter in the High Street, throned, half-proud, half-bashful, in the stalls, while the wife of a professor or a principal quietly takes a lower place. There are few more simple or sincere hours of worship than those of Long Vacation Sundays, when the college chapel becomes for a moment the people's church.

Nor is the freedom of the citizen limited to one day in seven. On many a weekday evening, far up the reaches of the Cherwell, where the white water-lilies are afloat in full bloom, and loose-strife and meadow-

sweet and the pink willow-herb line the banks, you may see the young clerk or college scout rowing his sweetheart in a dinghey or paddling with her in a trim Canadian canoe. Or beside some favourite pool on the upper river you may see a proctor's servant, who a few weeks ago was busy as a bull-dog (name abhorred!), casting his line for a far other prey, and disporting himself at his ease as though the noisy undergraduate would never return again.

And the townsman is not the only person who rejoices in the end of term. The studious tutor who has spent eight weeks of hard work amid the playful throng of "young barbarians" who live in blissful ignorance that colleges subsist for the benefit of others than themselves, rejoices in the leisure that the Vacation gives him to pursue his special studies in Bodley or among his own books at home. Too many indeed have escaped the service of the undergraduate only to pass into another slavery, for now is the season of examinations. Yet even such as these have their compensations, and, when the day's task is done and the proper tale of papers marked and laid aside, they have the college garden for their own. There they may watch the unfolding of the flowers in some old-fashioned border beneath the city wall, and trace the season's changes from the first blossoming of the limes to the happy morning in late July or early August when from among the vivid green leaves of the quaint catalpa tree the white spikes of blossom, flecked with gold and purple, surprise the drowsy garden, where all else has subsided into the dark green shade of the falling year. And here, in his own garden, where thrush and blackbird and wagtail have grown friendly and familiar, or far away among the water-ways where the shy kingfisher now makes bold to show

himself, he may at last possess his soul in quietness and taste something of the academic calm of an earlier age.

How wide a range of interest he has at hand within the city itself only those who have taken to exploring it will realise; what strange alleys and byways, known to few save proctors and their men, yet often carrying one back to the days of Oxford Parliaments and the settlements of the Black Friars and the Grey; how many forgotten or buried remnants of the earlier age! How many even of Oxford residents have penetrated to the old Norman chapel within the walls of the gaol, and climbed the historic tower of the castle, the last survivor of the towers that guarded the city in the Middle Ages, and thought of the Empress Maud and her flight over the snow-covered meadows? It was a summer afternoon when we made the ascent; the ragwort and other flowers that haunt our Oxford walls were in bloom on the tower-roof, whence we looked out over the spreading valley with its winding streams, away to Ferry Hinksey with its ancient church and cross, and Arnold's field beyond it, named after Thomas Arnold, for his memory as well as that of the writer of *Thyrsis* is linked with the pleasant land about us. Fewer still perhaps have found their way into the mill-house, a bow-shot westward beyond the castle, where, in a pointed roof and a few immemorial sculptured stones, are to be seen the last relics of Oseney Abbey, once the noblest building about Oxford and among the most splendid of religious houses. How gladly would one trace the history of its scattered stones among the buildings of a later day; even as now one may see in Witham church the transported walls of the vanished Cumnor Hall, or in a certain massive house upon the Seven-bridges road

the dismembered stones of the old front quadrangle of Balliol, which charmed our fathers' eyes and still charms ours in the old prints, though for thirty years Broad Street has known it no more. How many delightful places are within the compass of a summer day's journey! There is Dorchester, for example, with its memories of the ancient see, before Lincoln was, with its beautiful church where many glories survive to recall its departed greatness, and monuments of many generations tell their tale; among them the quaint record from the end of the last century of the young married lady "who sank and died a martyr to excessive sensibility." A fine confused historic sense pervades these regions, as is natural enough where so many ages meet. It is not long since that at Ewelme, not much further afield, the driver, who pointed out to us the fine old hospital and the church with Thomas Chaucer's tomb, added, "They do say that at the time of the Roman invasion it was used as a stable." So completely are the ages blent together that on another day, as we drove in past the quaint market-hall of Watlington and he discoursed of the wonders of the Roman road and the earthworks on the Chilterns, he ended with the information that it was "made by the Romans, time of 'Ampden, you know, sir." Even so will the natives of Saint Jean de Luz assure the traveller that their grandfathers saw Roland and his peers fighting by their side in the Peninsular War.

An easy walk westward takes one to Cumnor, where Giles Gosling's inn has outlived the Hall; and only a little further on is Stanton, with its memories of the Harcourts and of Pope, and Besselsleigh, where the last of the Lenthalls keeps alive the name of the famous Speaker. Or, if you choose the river rather than the road,

there is the winding voyage past Bab-lockhythe, amid white-starred ranunculus and waving flags and brilliant masses of golden-rod, till you come, if the day be long enough and the river weeds not impassable, to the gabled manor-house of Kelmscott, and so on to Lechlade, whence, leaving the river, you may look in on Fairford and the painted windows of its little church, that came there by so strange a chapter of accidents. Further north is Burford, on the Windrush (a tiny midland river) with its priory, where the Lenthalls lived, and its manor that was held by the great King-Maker and the gentle Falkland before it came to them. And there are a score of quiet places besides to last out many a summer's day, when there are no lectures to give or hear, and when dreary delegacies meet no more. So the home-keeping Fellow, whom his restless colleagues pity as they hurry away to towns or mountains beyond the seas, may be well content to spend his summer on this country-side.

But what of the visitors? They are, like other birds of passage, merely episodes in the long summer calm of the Vacation. There are the sudden inroads of missions from the East End of London or country choirs, like troops of noisy starlings awakening a drowsy land. There is the more constant stream of American visitors, sauntering round the college with a defiant air of duty or an ill-concealed indifference; you know them from a certain severity of costume and a tendency to wear blue veils. There are the rarer parties of French or German or Italian travellers, wandering with unceasing amazement in search of a University which escapes them in the throng of colleges. But these are not the visitors who come nearest to the heart of the place, though Oxford has an unruffled welcome for them all, and gives to each as he deserves. We

like to think rather of the foreign students, American, French, German, Russian, who choose this quiet season to make acquaintance with our scholars and our manuscripts; whereby the best of them make friends among us, and good feeling and sound learning are advanced. And, besides, there are a few choice spirits, quiet lovers of Oxford, men and women, who pitch their tent among us for a month, not to collate a manuscript or to consult a library, but to live their quiet life, coming here because they love our city and find that here, if anywhere, they can pursue with pleasure the work of their choice or their profession. Such an one may be seen setting up an easel in favourite places, some loved corner of the Physic Garden or a quiet coign of vantage in college cloister or quadrangle; another writing day by day the chapters of a new novel; a third editing the weary piles of other writers' work with an impartial dignity attuned by the quiet atmosphere of some academic street, and enlivened from time to time by converse with the select society of Common-room. For only in the Long Vacation can resident or visitor taste the full flavour of the old leisurely college life, when the nightly stillness is not broken by the shout of the playful undergraduate, and the evening's freedom is no longer trammelled by the stated hours of tutorial duty.

This season beyond all others is a time of meeting for Oxford men whose lives are spent in a hundred different pursuits, scattered in many lands. They leave a pleasant memory, these summer evenings, when we have sat talking over our tobacco in some cool and fragrant garden, watching the last light fade from the college windows, long after the last stroke of Tom has died away on the still air. Then the porter has made all fast in quadrangle

and garden and retired to his drowsy lodge, and the evening's quiet is ours, to muse and talk of a thousand things ; it may be of the scholarship and the games of thirty years ago, or of the potsherds and papyri which one of us has just gained by traffic or his own hard digging, in Cilicia or the Fayoum or the Isles ; or perhaps the talk chances on Italy, and one and another tells of his adventures in old Roman towns that lie off the beaten track, Volterra or Gubbio, or Lucera, and we discuss our plans for coming travel, till our mentor calls us home to our own country with its regions of high romance. Then some one, fresh from India or Egypt, has wondrous stories to tell of the mysterious East ; and so we pass by way of Asia and Omar Khayyam into the world of letters, and are launched upon a boundless sea, where we voyage at large, until of a sudden we discover that the hour has come when college porters must be abed, and we sadly say farewell, sadly but all the richer for this mingled talk. Yet these memories have their melancholy side. One delightful evening comes back to our mind when we sat, for

the night was dark and cool, in a high, wide-windowed room in an ancient college, talking of men and things, till our pleasant company broke up towards midnight with laughing farewell words about Johnson and Lamb and their visits to their young college friends. But that merry company has never met again, for a few weeks later the choicest spirit among us had died battling with a mountain storm on the high Alps.

So time makes sad gaps among us, but college life still goes on, and these gatherings of old friends and new in the Long Vacation help to make the college still a living bond of fellowship. There are some of our number who have no old ties with Oxford ; she bids them welcome as her true lovers, who would have been her sons had their luck been different. But her warmest greeting is given to those who come with familiar faces that she has known long years ago, returning to their nursing-mother to renew their youth amid the old scenes, and once again for a brief while "to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

SHALL WE RETURN TO THE LAND?

THIS was the title of a debate announced to take place at a certain club in the West End of London some few months ago. The proposer was to be a celebrated authoress, and the opposer an almost equally celebrated barrister. A member of the club offered to take me to hear the debate; and we held an animated discussion as to the probable significance of the title. She was of opinion that it referred to non-resident landlords, and was intended to bring the Upper Classes to a sense of their duty. My surmise was different. In my early girlhood there had been a great cry about our Israelitish origin. A book was published called TWENTY-SEVEN REASONS WHY WE ARE THE TEN LOST TRIBES. I remember hearing my respected parents weighing the evidence, and myself being corrected for saying that I did not care whether I were a Jew or not, but of the two preferred not to be. This memory suggested to me the idea that we were about to have a resuscitation of the old subject, with a recommendation to adjourn immediately to the Land of Promise. However, we were both wrong, as we found when the evening arrived.

The great authoress was introduced to the audience by the chairman with a few appropriate words, as the reporters say. I think he mentioned that she wrote *A GIRL'S WALK THROUGH THE GREAT PLAIN*, or something like that. A slight girlish woman, with a pleasant face, arose. She went straight into her subject with very little preliminary flourish, and gave us many good and substantial reasons

why the great Middle Class, with small incomes, should cast the dust of the town from off its shoes for ever and a day, and settle down "between the purple earth and the blue sky,"—a phrase which made me think of the water-colour drawings of my school-time.

Her arguments were most convincing. They were, in brief, that men who are earning incomes from £600 to £2,000 per annum pay too dear for their money; that their personal gain is merely a "stuffy brougham and an evening paper"; that their loss is every grace of mind and body,—everything, in fact, "that we fell in love with them for." Their children in the meantime are being over-taught and under-educated, mind and body suffering, when in the country they could develop into full manly and womanly beauty. She urged them, with all the force of oratory, to sacrifice half their incomes and go and live on the land. She did not definitely explain how they were to supply the other half; but she read copious extracts from a charming book about a man who had retired to the country, grown peaches, and made a fortune,—by writing a book about them. This mode of earning a livelihood could hardly be within every man's reach in this uncertain climate; but there are the wives and daughters! She said that women could become scientific dairymaids; so perhaps they would be responsible for the other half of the income, while Papa and Adolphus regulated the household expenses and saw that the furniture was properly dusted. But on the whole

she waxed, I think, most eloquent over the beautiful food. She was positively seething over the potatoes on which we poor deluded townfolk are in the habit of feeding. They bear no resemblance to the real thing, she assured us; "they have been too long out of the earth." Then she spoke of the social attractions of the country. In town we have no time for our friends. Much as we may wish to see them, we pass our days in writing to put them off. The village butcher would be more interesting to her, she said, than half the men that took her down to dinner, because "he did something." I immediately became enamoured of that ideal butcher.

I cannot pretend to remember the whole speech. It was not only very practical, but pre-eminently poetical,—a prose idyl. When she spoke of "the lark embroidering the sky with his song," I could see that all the highly educated listeners were much impressed with the beauty of the thought. Although I am not poetical myself, and prefer ideas in good sound prose, still, as I sat and listened, I felt no doubt that an embroidered sky was a beautiful thing.

She sat down amid loud cheers, and with one, at least, of her audience converted.

Then the great barrister arose in his greatness. If there is one thing I pride myself on it is my strength of mind; therefore I stood, or sat, carefully on my guard against being led by the last speaker merely because he was the last. We have been told from our childhood that a skilful lawyer can make black seem white; one could well believe it when this man spoke. Such a presence he had, such a voice! Those sonorous rolling tones were enough to carry conviction to a Burmese idol. I cannot remember all he said, or how he put it, which is perhaps the more important

point. I know he told us that he had been born and brought up in the country, but could not dream of a worse purgatory than a country life. Some one afterwards remarked that he did credit to it; and I could not but think one would put up with a little purgatory to see one's children grow up with such a physique. He was distractingly facetious over "finding time to write postcards to put off our friends" and about "bringing up our eggs and growing plums" in the country. He said something which evoked great applause about the proposer being very hard on the evening paper because she herself wrote for a daily journal which "misled the public," and spoke with pretended rapture of a certain evening sheet which he enjoyed going home from the Temple in a third-class carriage of the underground railway. Also he went into statistics,—but there I really could not be expected to follow him.

When he sat down a lady rose to tell us how she had ridden down on her bicycle to some gardens lately thrown open to the public. It was all "too lovely for anything"; the gorgeous beauty of the rhododendrons, the waxen hyacinths, the laburnums, "raining down their golden showers," appealed to the eye on every side;

And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime,

while the air was laden with the scent of lilies and lilacs. Then, to enhance the delight, a cuckoo began "his wandering note" and "kept on and on and on." "Do you hear that?" she exclaimed to the intelligent young gardener who was acting as her guide. The young man was not deaf; he owned to having heard it, but declared "There's a good deal too much of it!" Further questions elicited the heartrending

confession that, after living in that exquisite earthly paradise for seven years he had come to think there was "a good deal too much of everything"; and he gave it as his opinion that there was only one place to live in, and that place was London.

I have forgotten the other speakers, except the chairman, who maintained that there would soon be no choice, and that we should all be obliged to live in the country, for money was growing daily dearer, and living in town would soon be impossible for anybody but an African millionaire. That capital which now brings in £1,000 yearly, he said, will in ten years' time be worth only £500. At the same time provisions rise in price. He always found that soles went up in a storm, and that in calm weather they did not come down again, but waited to rise still higher in the next storm. Provisions seem to me to have grown much cheaper in the last few years; but then I have lived in an unfashionable part since my poor husband died, and do not habitually regale myself on soles. But altogether the meeting was very convincing. Anybody with a grain of sense could see what an Elysium we were neglecting by persisting in living among bricks and mortar instead of green pastures.

The next day my rooms in Bloomsbury felt particularly hot and airless, and I noticed how pale my little boy and girl were looking. My income would be the same whether I lived in country or town. It is a very modest one; and if in the country I got more value for my money, that was an additional reason for going there. My mind was made up. By a diligent search of the newspapers I found exactly what would suit me. The advertisement ran as follows: "To let with immediate possession a farm-house furnished with every convenience. Large flower and kitchen

gardens well stocked with vegetables, a chicken-house, well, and pump." I wrote to the agent and found that this little paradise was within my means, and a few days after, on a fresh morning in early summer I and my two children started to inspect Valley's End Farm in the parish of Stoke in the Marshes.

It was three miles from the station, but the air was so invigorating that we decided to walk. The hedges were covered with hawthorn blossom. Screams of delight were every moment announcing the discovery of some new treasure of the hedge-row or the bank. We found the farm-house charming. Roses and jasmine covered the front, and the lattice windows were almost hidden by the young shoots. The garden was certainly rather out of order and the fence broken, but that could soon be remedied. A board announced that the key was kept at a neighbouring cottage, and my little boy was despatched to fetch it. The peasant, whom he found leaning over a pig-stye smoking a short pipe, rose with the slow dignity of his class, and accompanied him to show us over the premises. The front door was bolted, so he took us through the straw-yard to a door at the side. It opened into a large old-fashioned kitchen; "the House," he called it. There were dog-irons on an open hearth with the snug-gest of seats in the chimney-corner, and a brick floor so uneven and so red that it was a study in chromatics. There were almost as many doors to the room as to John o'Groat's house. We went up two steps into the hall, and then down two steps into the "setting-room." This had nothing to do with the chicken-house,—that was a dilapidated building in the back garden,—it was a kind of dining-room covered with matting and furnished with Windsor chairs and a Pembroke table. We went back into the hall and tried

to open the front door unsuccessfully. "Old master never did 'ave that opened 'cept for the funeral, when he wur carried out feet foremost," our guide told us. The best parlour was a musty, fusty place with horse-hair furniture. We returned to the kitchen and opened the other doors. One led up stairs, one to the china-closet, another to the dairy, and a fourth into a large scullery. The back garden contained a few gooseberry bushes and a patch of spindly-looking plants. "Them's taters," said the man in answer to my inquiries. Potatoes straight out of the earth! That decided me.

As we left the place we met the agent. He was profuse in apologies for not having met us at the station, and he drove us back. I settled everything with him during that drive. He undertook to send in some servants, to have the front door opened and the fence mended; and I, on my part, covenanted to sign an agreement for six months so soon as it should be ready.

When we reached home my landlady met me at the door and begged me not to bring the hawthorn indoors, it was so unlucky. All day I had dreaded having to tell her of my determination to return to the land, so I decided to get done with it at once. It was a bad quarter of an hour, but I was upheld by the sympathy of my children and a sense of duty. She treated my announcement with supercilious pity, for I had lived with her since I returned from India, a widow, five years ago.

A week later, after leaving minute orders for the packing and forwarding of my household goods, two cabs carried us with our necessary luggage, a hamper of provisions, and my canary to Liverpool Street station and to Valley's End Farm!

We were all desperately excited at

this new departure. I meant to spend my life teaching the children. They should put away dead languages and study living nature.

When we got out of the train, not finding the fly I had ordered waiting, I went to the station inn to make inquiries. The landlady told me that a wedding party had "took" it for the day; yes, she had received my letter, but gentlefolks from London often altered their minds; she was a poor woman, &c., &c. Mr. Hodge, the butcher, was in town; she had seen him pass; he would give us a lift in his spring-cart if we liked to wait, and our boxes could go by carrier.

Remembering our pleasant walk on the former occasion, we declined the spring-cart. We were a long time reaching our journey's end, for the day was hot and there were many things to carry, but at length it came in sight. The servants were waiting at the door; Susan, a pleasant-looking young woman, wearing a smart hat, and Susan's mother, a distorted caricature of her daughter. Her head was adorned with a limp black bonnet, which had collapsed on one side and fell with a melancholy droop over one ear. I never saw her without that bonnet. She was loquacious on all she had done for our comfort, and finished each sentence with an impressive sniff, as a kind of full stop.

They had lighted a fire in the big kitchen. The light flickered on the face of the cuckoo-clock and cast a ruddy tint over the brick floor that made one think of an old Dutch picture. I ordered tea to be put in the garden and asked if the carrier had come with the luggage. "The carrier!" they both exclaimed. "Why, this ain't his day; he only comes of a Saturday." And this was Tuesday!

However, we were disposed to make the best of things, so Susan was dis-

patched to the village shop and soon returned with some tea and butter, or with what did duty for those delicacies at Valley's End. Cream and milk were unattainable; they kept no cows down at Valley's End, and up at Sloman's they sent all the milk to London.

After tea the older woman departed to find some one to bring up our luggage, and we started out with a delightful feeling of expectancy to explore our estate. The children soon tired of the gardens. The other side of the fence was a small meadow with a single tree in the centre. We climbed the fence to examine it; the lessons in nature should begin at once. It was either an elm or a beech; but my books had not arrived, and I could not decide the point without them. The children found a long low branch which made an excellent swing. It gladdened my heart to hear their happy voices as I stood watching them; but all around me it was growing very quiet, and a feeling of incipient dulness was creeping over me, so I looked round for something to do. I caught sight of the potatoes, and after diligent search discovering a spade, set to work on them. I dug a whole row and blistered my hands before I met with any reward for my exertions. Then a tiny bulb turned up; it was no bigger than a nut, but how much it taught! There it was revealed to us, no root at all, but a tuber growing on an underground stem. I called the children to see. It was rather disappointing that they only glanced cursorily at it, and ran back to their swing; but I felt myself developing, and was able to suppress a secret misgiving that had begun to creep into my mind.

I was still examining it with satisfaction when I was startled by a loud shout: "Hi, get off that 'ere tree! What are ye doing on? I'll give ye

a hiding if I catch ye." There followed a scamper across the grass, and my children tumbled over the fence closely pursued by the irate farmer. He stopped in his complaint of their trespass to contemplate my work. After long and deep consideration a scornful smile passed over his broad face, as he gave utterance to these painful words: "Why them taters beant agoing to be ready for a month! Wotever are ye digging of 'em up now for?"

After that we retired to the house. I sent the children to the kitchen to ask for lights, as there were no bells in the place. Susan was not to be found. We explored the premises in a body, and eventually came upon her gossiping at the front gate with her young man. When she did come in she grumbled audibly about people who were so "shiftless" that they could not even light a candle.

I pass over the domestic discomforts of the next few days, which no doubt partly arose from my defective house-keeping. I will not dwell on my parasol and book (from a circulating library) being eaten by cows which had entered the front garden uninvited; nor on my little girl nearly falling down the well and my boy being chased by a bull. Nor will I complain of the heavy compensation I had to pay for the broken branch of the beech-tree (it was a beech), nor of the pitying contempt of the rustics for "them furriners," whom they looked upon as lawful prey for any little peculations that entered into their simple minds. It was the promised delights of the country, the things we had come for, that were so disappointing.

Where was the "beautiful food"? The potatoes were black, and I was told that it was ridiculous to expect anything else at that time of year. I was told also that it was too

early for fruit or "green-meat," and that was self-evident. The butcher called once a week. You ordered what you liked two days before, and he brought you what he chose with a sublime indifference to your order. The bread and butter came from the general shop and tasted of candles. If we took a walk in any bye-path or meadow, in fact, anywhere beyond the king's highway, the children, who usually ran on in front, would come flying back with, "We mustn't go there, mother, or we shall be persecuted." In every wood we were threatened with spring-guns and man-traps.

Once we took a drive. Under the quaint little board in the general shop which announced that Higgins was licensed to sell tea and tobacco, there was written a notice to the effect that Higgins was also prepared to let you a pony and chaise for the day. I sent Susan down to engage them, and to tell the man I would drive myself. We had a mind to go to some hills visible from our windows, whose changing beauty under the shadows of the clouds was a perpetual delight. A luncheon-basket was packed and we started in good spirits. The road was very dusty, which perhaps was the reason why the pony (besides shying on every conceivable and inconceivable pretext) insisted on stopping at every public-house. On one of these occasions, when the landlord came to the door to greet a possible customer, I asked him how far off the hills were, and was told they might be about six miles as the crow flies, but were twelve round by the road. As we had already gone full three miles, we turned back. About a mile from home, as I was trying to get by the Wheat Sheaf without a halt, a man who was sitting on the horse-trough came forward. It was Hig-

gins. "You needn't wallop the poor brute like that, marm," he said reproachfully. "They do say as ladies is allays hard upon the beasts. I should think the little chap's about jacked up a-carrying all that lot." To me the little chap appeared quite fresh, but my children jumped out full of contrition, and declaring that they would much rather walk home; so leaving the pony in charge of his tender-hearted master, we finished our journey on foot. Happening to be in the post-office an hour later, I saw Higgins drive past. He had four other men with him, and I was surprised to see what a pace the little chap could be persuaded to go under proper management.

The summer being so unusually warm and dry, the dust and heat became intolerable and the pump dried up. How we wished for rain! It came, and how we wished it would go! For four days it poured without ceasing. The children missed their usual occupations, and wished themselves at school. On the fifth day there was a temporary lull. We rushed out of doors; the garden was a lake, the road a river. Two farmers, sitting in their high chaises, were talking at the gate. "Nice little rain," said one. "This is only a bucketful, but there's more to come," said the other, surveying the heavens critically. I retired indoors with dismal forebodings. The children were splashing about in the straw-yard, seeing the pigs fed. An hour later they came in wet to the skin and in a terrible condition. I sent them up stairs to change their clothes, and sat down to cry.

Mrs. Smith came in with tea. She cast sympathetic glances at me, thinking the children had gone to bed ill. When she had done her work she did not retire, but stood in the doorway and began her commiseration.

"This 'ave been an unlucky 'ouse,"

she said, shaking her head till a bow on the melancholy bonnet gave an assenting nod. "Last year, just this very day come Wednesday, old master wur took bad. I mind me 'cas I wur a washing my son's clothes as wur going foreign. He wur a sitting on that 'ere settle"; she jerked her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of the kitchen. "He calls out to me 'Liza'! I says, 'Just you wait while I put these things in rinse'; and he says, 'I can't wait, I'm took that awful bad with pains in my inside,' and——"

"What was the matter with him?"

"Well, I wur a coming to that. When the doctor come, he says, 'He've got double ammonia.' He ordered——"

To stop all gruesome details, I asked, "Did any one else die here?"

"Anybody else? Well, yas!" She held up her hand and counted them off on her fingers. "There wur old master, he wur the first; then Mrs. Grant's two twins, what died of whooping cough. Mrs. Grant, she wur teacher at the school; not Miss Greenum, what we've got now; she rides on one of them new-fangle things; I see her agoing by this arternoon. She's a twister, she is. I allays did say she's got too much logic and gammon for me."

"Then Mrs. Grant was the teacher before?"

"Na-a, not just afore; that wur Miss Spankum; and afore her was Miss Grindal."

"So Mrs. Grant left because her children died?"

"Yas, and then old master's nephew come."

"Did he die?" I gasped.

Mrs. Smith was standing half in the room with her back against the door-post. She could command a view of the garden path from the open front door. Instead of answering my question, she said in what sounded an awe-stricken tone, "Lor! if here ain't the Spectre coming."

My little girl, who had crept into the room during the conversation, jumped up with a shriek. "What!" I shouted. Mrs. Smith looked back with a re-assuring nod: "Oh, it's only the School-Board."

I experienced a vague wonder whether all the members of that august body had hanged themselves out of remorse, and if so, why they had come back to trouble these simple folk. I was re-assured by hearing a gruff voice with a very provincial burr. It was the Board-School visitor, come to demand that my children should be sent to school. I explained that I taught them myself. He told me, with a persuasive grin, that the Board "wouldn't 'ave none of them tricks." I grew angry and ordered him away. He threatened me with a summons before the Board.

That was the last straw. I telegraphed at once to my landlady to know if she would take me back. She consented to do so at a considerably advanced rent. The next afternoon saw us back amid the cheerful hum of the town, after an absence of ten days which seemed ten years.

Henceforth Regent's Park will be country enough for me. As I sit beneath its trees listening to the distant sound of multitudes astir, I agree with the intelligent young gardener that, for poor people at least, there is only one place to live in, and that place is London.

AN EXECUTION IN INDIA.

A FEW years ago executions in India were, and, I believe, still are, public. Hearing, therefore, that a native was to be executed on a certain morning outside a certain prison in Bengal, I rose early, mounted my horse, and rode off to the scene of the execution, which was some way from the town on the grassy plain just outside the prison.

On my arrival I found the workmen completing the gallows, which they had erected under the high stone wall beside the gate. It was a scaffold, or platform of planks, nine feet from the ground, supported on four posts, one under each corner. The two posts behind arose to a height of several feet above the platform, and were joined across by a long horizontal beam, garnished at intervals with several thick iron hooks. The two front posts were not fixtures, but merely supports standing on the ground. A push, therefore, would overthrow them; and that would cause the platform (which worked on hinges at the back, like a trap-door,) to swing down and hang vertically between the back posts.

A ladder gave access to the platform from behind; and upon this, when the workmen had finished and gone, the bareheaded hangman now mounted, and mechanically commenced his own preparations. He was a tall, elderly, lean native, clad only in a soiled white cotton tunic, leaving the lower limbs bare. His face was shaved clean, and his head nearly bald, save for a few frizzled colourless hairs, like threads of glass, on the top. I watched him as he stood under the beam, being curious to ascertain what look his face

might wear on such an occasion; as, for example, whether there might be in it a look of interest in his task, or of dislike to it, or of nervousness at the scrutiny of so many eyes, for by this time a small crowd had collected under the gallows. But, as I watched it, I became gradually aware, with a feeling that deepened into awe, that his countenance differed in an unearthly and horrible way from that of any other human being. It was absolutely without expression; his eyes were as the eyes of one who seeing sees not. My feelings were evidently shared by the rest of the crowd; for whenever the hangman's face happened to turn towards them, as he mechanically went about his task, they seemed plainly disconcerted by it.

He now put his hand into the breast of his tunic, and drew out an ill-looking piece of cord, a few feet long and about as thick as a man's finger; and at one end of this cord he began to tie a noose. When he had fashioned the noose, he reached up to the hook in the beam above him, and tied the other end of the cord to it. Then he waited.

A guard of native foot-police, armed with rifles, whose sombre uniforms and turbans harmonised well with the gloomy scene around, now marched up to the gallows under their officer. They stationed a sentry beside each of the two front posts, and then withdrew to their own position by the prison-gate, which they now flanked, and, facing inwards in two lines by the path, ordered arms and waited.

Each sentinel now made fast a rope to the foot of the post by which

he stood ; and standing thus, with the free ends of the ropes in their hands, they also waited.

The crowd, which had been gradually collecting in front of the gallows, was not a large one, and was composed mainly of the poorer class of natives, though a few white faces could be seen among it. But it was the most quiet crowd imaginable ; no one spoke to his neighbour, not even in a whisper. As they stood there, more like sheep than human beings, on their dusky upturned faces expectancy seemed so blended with Asiatic apathy, that it is difficult to say which sentiment predominated ; while their dull eyes wandered in turn from one object to another of the dark scene before them. From the high stern prison wall opposite, whose every stone wore a look of doom, those watchful eyes roved to its great gate, barred with iron and closely shut, that admitted no view of the secrets within ; to the armed and silent guard thereby ; to the scaffold on which that dreadful executioner was standing aloof and motionless ; to the fatal beam above him, stretching dark and distinct against the brightening sky ; to the noosed rope in readiness dangling from it, and swaying in the breeze. And watching thus, they also waited.

The hour for the execution was, I think, eight, and already the mist was dispersing before the powerful beams of the rising sun, at whose touch the flat roofs, minarets, and domes of the walled and battlemented eastern city were beginning to flash and glitter in the light ; but as yet no sign from within the prison gave notice of the last act of the tragedy now being enacted before it.

At last, from within the wall, was heard the distant, measured clanking of a chain. The ominous sound came nearer and nearer, and approached the

gate, which now opened wide and disclosed three natives coming out abreast through it. Two of them wore the Government uniform and were evidently warders. They seemed to support, rather than to hold, the man between them, on whom, as they emerged from the police ranks and slowly bent their way towards the gallows, every eye was now fixed. He was a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, light-skinned for a native, well-built, and handsome. He was naked, save for the usual loin-cloth, and his head was shorn close as a convict's ; his two hands were bound together behind his back, and his legs were heavily shackled with a thick iron chain, whose weight resisted their every movement, and which, rising and falling alternately with his steps, clanked dismally behind him along the ground.

When with slow and halting gait he had reached the ladder, the warders assisted him to mount it ; and as he stepped from its last rung on to the scaffold, he saluted the gazing crowd below, bidding them *good-morrow* in a loud voice, in the orthodox fashion of Hindustan.

The warders now placed him under the beam, after which they removed the irons from his legs, having first bound his feet together with a cord. They then descended the ladder, leaving the criminal to the hangman, who until that moment had been still standing apart and motionless. But now he moved silently like a spirit up to the condemned man, and stood in front of him. Then, perceiving him to be not in the necessary position under the beam, the executioner, with an indescribable and almost deprecating little motion of his hand, automatically signified the fact to the prisoner, who forthwith placed himself upon the exact spot. The executioner then

raised his arms, and taking hold of the rope behind the man's back, lifted it quietly, and lowered the noose around his neck. Then he tightened it a little. After that, he put his hand inside the breast of his tunic, and drew out a kind of headgear, white and shaped somewhat like a horse's nosebag, which he placed on the head, and drew down over the face of the felon who had now looked his last on the sun. He next tightened the noose a little more, and moving partly behind the prisoner, appeared to be adjusting it at his ear.

And now, beyond doubt, in the minds of those present a conflict of various opinions must have been stirred by the cold-blooded, deadly scene enacting before their eyes, which stood out with such ghastly distinctness amidst the quietude and serenity of the world around. For there was such a contrast between it and those other fair, everyday scenes of life passing all about us,—the peasant cheerily wending to his daily labour, the birds flitting amid the trees so near us, the squirrels frisking on the bough beside them, the distant city awakening every moment into louder life and stir, the sun shining on benevolently in the heavens over all, and the hangman deliberately adjusting the noose at his victim's ear,—that the senses were shocked at it; and an overpowering impulse arose to fly from the place; but, at the same time, a stronger impulse compelled one to remain and watch.

At last the executioner, having accomplished all the niceties of the noose, came round again in front of the prisoner, and, glancing his eyes upwards, critically surveyed his finished work. Directing his eyes first to the beam above, then to the

hook, then down the rope to the noose around the man's neck, he lastly fixed them on the man himself. Yes, at that supreme moment a look was born in the executioner's impenetrable face. But it was such a look as Death gave, when, to bridge the gulf from hell to this world, and to fix the floating mass which he had brought together for his bridge,

The aggregated soil,
Death with his mace petrific, cold and
dry,
As with a trident smote, and fixed as
firm
As Delos floating once, the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to
move.

The hangman saw that his work was good; for he now left the scaffold, and, descending the ladder, appeared no more.

After an interval of horrid silence, during which the bound white-hooded wretch on the scaffold stood erect, aloft and alone, the officer in command of the police-guard, who was sitting on horseback somewhere amid the crowd, gave the loud command in Hindustani, *Pull*. At that word the two sentries pulled at the ropes they were holding; the two supporting posts instantly fell with a loud thud to the ground; the heavy scaffold swung down after them, and oscillated between the backposts; and the murderer fell, as the plummet falls, straight; till suddenly arrested in mid air by the jerk of the taut cord, which now seemed alive and angry, as it held him by the throat in a bulldog's grip. His head drooped on to the right shoulder, while his body slowly turned, now this way, now that, as in obedience to the law of torsion the rope slowly wound and unwound itself.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF TOBACCO-SMOKING.

LIKE Horace's Greybeard, we are all more or less prone to look lovingly towards the past, to regard the days of our forefathers as the good old times in which they played their part in life's drama on a larger and nobler scale than we do, or are capable of doing. In this spirit of admiration for antiquity we see the beginnings of that hero-worship which with the Greeks gradually developed into their beautiful mythology. They, above all other people, delighted to extol the powers and achievements of their ancestors; they clothed them with the attributes of deity, and strove to emulate and honour them in all manly deeds; thus they exalted their own conceptions of life, and idealised the course of their national existence. And yet this innate tendency to magnify and extend into the dim, illimitable regions of antiquity whatever of human effort is deemed most worthy, is a source of difficulty to the conscientious student. Amid the wild growth of myth and marvel the antiquary or archæologist warily treads his way to surer ground, and out of scattered fragments of a bygone age constructs anew an old order of existence, or opens a vista to the mind's eye through which glimpses may be gained of the habits and inner life of our remote ancestors. Then it is we see the present linked with the past in one unbroken chain; our knowledge is enlarged, and we recognise the unity of our race. Needless then to say that it is in no narrow spirit of mere curiosity that the wise men of Europe have devoted much labour and learning to the task of discover-

ing if the habit of tobacco-smoking, now so common all over the world, existed in Eastern countries before the discovery of America by Columbus.

It is justly claimed for the subject that it possesses interest for a much larger class than professed ethnologists; that it is invested with an absorbing fascination for every earnest student of the history and habits of mankind. For it is maintained that nothing but a deep-seated craving in the nature of human beings for narcotics and stimulants can explain the immediate, rapid, and over-mastering success with which the passion for tobacco spread over the world after its introduction into Europe by the Spaniards. That this should have been so, seems to point directly to the conclusion that before the discovery of the New World the tobacco-plant and the habit of smoking its leaves were unknown elsewhere. Let it be remembered, however, that we have to take into account the farther East, more particularly China, the Cathay of our forefathers, who had found every approach leading into the interior jealously guarded against intrusion from the barbarian of the outer world.

Scattered through the pages of ancient historians and naturalists are some curious allusions to a practice occasionally indulged in of inhaling the fumes of burning vegetable substances, either for pleasure's sake or for medicinal purposes. A few of these may suffice to indicate the shifts men were put to in remote times in order to appease their longing for narcotics of one kind or another.

Herodotus says that the Messagete, or Scythians, possessed a tree bearing a strange fruit which, when they met together, they cast into the fire and inhaled its fumes till they became intoxicated, in much the same way as the Greeks did with wine. What this strange produce was we learn in book IV. cap. 78, where he relates the story of the Scythians making themselves drunk with hemp-seed. They crept with it under their blankets, and throwing it on red-hot stones, inhaled the fumes arising therefrom. Simple narrations such as these fall in quite naturally with one's ideas of primitive man adapting himself to his circumstances. The Father of History never indulges in flights of fancy or creations of the imagination; it was enough for him to render a straightforward account of such things as came under his own eyes, or of events as they had been related to him. But when we come to a modern writer who tells a smoking-story of far-back times, relating, indeed, to none other than the "mighty hunter before the Lord" (enjoying, we may assume, a quiet pipe after a day's hard riding across country), then doubt begins to take possession of the mind, and we are inclined to let that tale go for what it is worth. Lieutenant Walpole is responsible for the story that, when he was at Mosul, there came into his hands a very old Arabic manuscript, in the opening chapter of which the ancient scribe declared that Nimrod used tobacco. Application of the higher criticism to this relic of antiquity would be quite out of place; why, indeed, should men seek to be wise above what is written? But let us look a little farther into what Mr. Walpole has to narrate of the people among whom he sojourned, respecting their indulgence in the social pleasure of the pipe. From his highly interest-

ing work on *THE ANSAYRII, OR THE ASSASSINS* (published in 1851) we gather that while at Mosul he was so impressed by the prevalence of the habit of smoking among all classes, that he made diligent inquiry of the learned of the land respecting its origin. For he felt convinced that nothing European, much less American, could possibly have crept into this remote district of the Old World, whose inhabitants were living as their fathers had lived for ages. "In the East," he writes, "it is rare to find a man or woman who does not smoke. Enter a house, and a smoking-instrument is put into your hand as naturally as you are asked to sit down." Mr. Walpole had not long to wait before his new friends found means of satisfying his curiosity, and of quickening the interest already awakened within him as to the antiquity of the habit. A venerable sage disclosed to his wondering eyes the manuscript aforesaid. It filled over a hundred closely-written pages, and was divided into eight chapters, in the first of which was related the story of Nimrod. The origin of the different opinions for and against tobacco are enlarged upon in its pages; this, by the way, seems to imply that the Koran had not settled the disputed point, but then these Hashishins, who had found tobacco a far more grateful comforter than their fiery hashish, were not good Moslems. Unfortunately for Mr. Walpole the happy owner of the priceless document, this inestimable relic of antiquity, was a bibliomanist whom nothing could induce to part with it; but he tells the reader that it was being copied,—a lengthy process. Youthful exuberance of spirit marks Mr. Walpole's joy at the discovery. "Lovers of the weed," he exclaims, "may reasonably hope that the elucidation of the Assyrian history will show us Nimrod making *kief* over the *chibouk*, and

Semiramis calling for her *nargilleh*. It would enhance the grace of Cleopatra could we imagine her reclining on a divan of eiderdown toying with Marc Antony as she plays with her jewelled *narpeesh*." His enthusiasm is kindled by glowing tales of Eastern life, stretching back to the remotest ages; he sees the folly of entertaining for a moment the thought that Asia could be indebted to America for the luxury of the pipe. "We can hardly suppose," he writes, "that in the comparatively short space of time since the continent of America was discovered by us, the habit could have spread through Europe to the very utmost corners of Asia; that the Burman would smoke his cigar as he does, and the wild man of the forest of Ceylon would make his hand into a bowl and smoke out of it. These people, perfect wild beasts, double up the hand, curving the palm, and thus form a species of pipe; a green leaf protects the hand; within this the weed is placed, and thus they smoke. This is certainly the youth of smoking. Adam may have practised this method, even in the days of his innocence."

It is perhaps a pity Mr. Walpole did not feel satisfied with this display of youthful gaiety. Possibly he saw that something was still wanting; that his new-born idea of an Eastern origin for the weed he loved was too weak to stand without support. At that very moment some evil genius whispered in his ear the fun of sending the reader a wool-gathering to the British Museum. Then it dawned upon him that among the marvels of antiquity the excavations of Botta and Layard were laying bare to an astonished world was an Assyrian relic which would bear oracular testimony to the truth of the old Arabic manuscript found at Mosul, and that henceforward Nimrod must be regarded as the paladin of the pipe. So Mr.

Walpole goes on to say: "If the curious reader will go to the British Museum he will there see an Assyrian cylinder, found at Mosul, and presented to the Institution by Mr. Badger, whereon is represented a king smoking from a round vessel, attached to which is a long reed." Hours have been spent in vain at the British Museum in making careful search for this interesting object. Doctor Wallis Budge, who presides over the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, knows nothing of a cylinder bearing an inscription of a king smoking a pipe. He has, however, a record to the effect that Mr. Badger on February 8th, 1845, gave the Museum "the squeeze of an inscription, the impression of a seal, and a bronze object." Doctor Budge warily remarked: "I must remind you that in 1845 all sorts of nonsense was talked about Assyrian objects; but that two men [a second writer had been mentioned who had evidently copied, on faith, from Mr. Walpole] should state such a thing without verification is remarkable. I am sorry for your wasted time, and my own!" Assyrian cylinders in the British Museum are numerous, and interest in them is heightened by written explanations in our own tongue placed by the side of each of the markings upon them, giving also the date or period to which the object belongs. The student is thus enabled to grasp with his senses lessons in history which, without this aid, would be vague and unreal. Yet, so grotesque are some of the figures, that little need for wonder if the eye of faith should discover what it seeks for.

The ascetic of the Greek Church, however, can eclipse this story of Nimrod and the Assyrian monarch who loved his pipe, with a tradition carefully preserved in its archives of Noah himself, tempted by the Evil One, having fallen under the intoxicat-

ing fumes of tobacco. The ingenuous scribe relates (though this may be apocryphal) that Noah, resting upon the summit of Mount Ararat after his toils on the swollen waters, happened to place his hand on a tobacco-pipe charged with the comforting herb, and Satan, envious of his happiness, urged the patriarch to prolong the indulgence until sleep fell upon his eyes. Where the soil is ready for the seed the merest figment takes root and flourishes abundantly.

Persons of a poetic temperament who find in speculative dreaming pleasure more satisfying than aught they can derive from the study of prosaic reality, usually turn their thoughts towards the East, to the land of mystery and gorgeous imagery, where man first awoke to a wondering contemplation of the phenomena of nature, asking himself what the earth and sky could be, and marking out in bold outline as he gazed into the starlit firmament the signs by which we to-day recognise the Zodiac. Entering these regions of hoary tradition, the marvel-loving wanderer from the West finds his path strewn with relics of our early progenitors; here he may revel in endless variety of legendary lore garnered from rich fields of poetic fancy. Does he wish to learn of the Moslem sage the origin of the weed whose balmy breath

From East to West

Cheers the tar's labour, or the Turk-
man's rest?

Let him listen to his words as he relates how the Prophet, walking in his garden at early dawn, came upon a viper stiff with cold, lying in the grass. "Full of compassion, he took it up and warmed it in his bosom; but when the reptile recovered, it bit him. 'Why art thou thus ungrateful?' asked the Prophet. The viper answered:

'Were I to spare thee, another of thy race would kill me, for there is no gratitude on earth. By Allah, I will bite thee.' 'Since thou hast sworn by Allah, keep thy vow,' said the Prophet, and held out his hand to be bitten. But as the reptile bit him the Prophet sucked the poison from the wound, and spat it on the ground. And lo! there sprang up a plant in which the serpent's venom is combined with the Prophet's mercy, and men call it tobacco."

Unhappily for the champions of Asia's prior claim to the weed, those enchanting mirrors of Arabian social life, *THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS*, reflect no sign, not the faintest shadow of aught resembling circling eddies from the tobacco-bowl. In the early days of the new indulgence its lawfulness was warmly disputed in Mahomedan countries. Both Sultan and Shah looked with suspicion at this new device of the Giaour, and inflicted the severest punishment upon all who ventured to console their sorrows with the pipe. In the warmth of conflicting opinion the Koran was appealed to, and a Moslem ascetic was found who read to the faithful a passage (from a revised version, no doubt) wherein it was foretold that, "In the latter days there shall be men bearing the name of Moslem, but who are not really such, and they shall smoke a certain weed which shall be called tobacco." A device so simple, giving the American name of the plant, could deceive no one but those who were willing to be deceived. It helped, however, to smooth the way towards the desired reconciliation; and then the Turkish traveller, Eulia Effendi, contributed towards a peaceful solution of the much-vexed question the best fruits of what little ingenuity he possessed. He declared that he had found deeply embedded in the wall of an old edifice,

so old that it must have been reared long before the birth of the Prophet, a tobacco-pipe which even then smelt of tobacco! The pious frauds of Moslem ascetics could not go beyond this. Here was the sanction of antiquity, if not of the Prophet, for the indulgence they all loved, before which Sultan, and Shah, and Koran gradually gave way, yielding to *Nicotiana* the mild sway she holds over her votaries. And it must needs be admitted that the claim for a knowledge of tobacco in Western Asia before the days of Columbus has no stronger prop to rest upon than this pipe found in the crevice of an old wall, and which still smelt of tobacco,—dropped in by some poor Turk fearful of the torture in store for him if caught smoking. Russell, in his narrative of a visit to Aleppo in 1603, says that tobacco-smoking, then so commonly indulged in at home, was unknown there. And Sandys, writing of the Turks as he found them in 1610, speaks of tobacco as just introduced into Constantinople by the English. How rapidly the taste for the weed spread over the countries of Western Asia, and the hold it had taken upon all classes, is shown in many a homely saying among the people, such as, "A pipe of tobacco and a dish of coffee are a complete entertainment"; or in the Persian proverb that, "Coffee without tobacco is meat without salt."

Doctor Yates had gone to the land of the Pharaohs for enlightenment on things hidden from the vulgar; and among other things rare and wonderful which presented themselves to his astonished gaze he gravely assures the reader of his *MODERN HISTORY AND CONDITION OF EGYPT* (published in 1843) that on the wall of an ancient tomb at Thebes he saw a painting in which was represented a smoking-party; beings of our own species

sitting together enjoying, possibly, social chat over the fragrant weed. Here was indeed one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. Standing in the mystic glow of an Egyptian sky, in the living presence of the marvellous works of men's hands wrought six thousand years ago, his imagination bridges the space of ages, and he realises the unity of our race in the familiar scene before him. The uplifted Doctor did not recognise in the painting a representation of the ancient art of glass-blowing. The tricks the imagination plays upon us at times would be very amusing were it not for the ruffle they give to one's self-love. Some men, rather than admit they were, or could be, deceived, will hold to their error through all time and in the face of every rebuff.

It is not improbable that some varieties of the tobacco-plant may be indigenous to the Old World. There are about forty, of which seldom more than three are cultivated for consumption as tobacco; Virginia (*Nicotiana tabacum*), Syrian (*Nicotiana rustica*), and Shiraz (*Nicotiana Persica*). Diligent research, however, extending over many years, has failed to bring to light any evidence of the existence in Europe or Western Asia of either of these plants before the Spaniards discovered America. The allusions made by Dioscorides, Strabo, and Pliny to a practice common among both the Greeks and the Romans of inhaling the fumes of tussilago and other vegetable substances, have no bearing on tobacco-smoking, nor on any general habit. They refer rather to the use of certain herbs as remedies for affections of the throat and chest, used much in the same way as our forbears used certain other herbs for the cure of similar ailments. Most people condemned to suffer the rigours of an English winter have

experienced kitchen-treatment of the kind, when shrouded in a blanket over a bowl of steaming medicaments they lay siege to the citadel held by the bacteria of influenza. From Pliny we learn that a tribe of unknown barbarians burned the roots of a species of cypress, and inhaled the fumes for the reduction of enlarged spleen, a malady very common among the inhabitants of the plains of Southern India. He tells us also (xxiv., 84) that the Romans smoked coltsfoot through a reed or pipe for the relief of obstinate cough and difficult breathing. Here it may be of interest to mention the discovery in recent years of a small description of smoking-pipe, resembling in size and form the cutty of the Scot, or the dhudeen of the Irish peasant, among Roman structures, both in these islands and on the Continent. Doctor Bruce, in his *HISTORY OF THE ROMAN WALL*, speaking of these pipes, asks: "Shall we enumerate smoking-pipes amongst the articles belonging to the Roman period? Some of them have indeed a medieval aspect, but the fact of their being frequently found in Roman stations, along with pottery and other remains undoubtedly Roman, should not be overlooked." The Abbé Cocket had found similar clay pipes in the Roman Necropolis near Dieppe, and in his work on Subterranean Normandy he says that he supposed they must surely have belonged to the seventeenth century. But on subsequently hearing of Doctor Bruce's discovery of similar pipes in his explorations of the Roman Wall, he reverted to his first opinion, that those he had himself found were indeed Roman. Since then Baron de Bonstetten has investigated the subject; and in his work entitled *RECUEIL DES ANTIQUITÉS* he gives drawings of these pipes, and declares his opinion to be that they are fair specimens of

European smoking-instruments in use before the days of Columbus, and possibly before those of Julius Cæsar. That smoking-pipes have been found among authentic Roman remains is beyond question. What use the Romans made of them we have already learned from Pliny; and doubtless the Roman soldier on outpost duty in this fog-begirt island would often have need of whatever little comfort he could get out of his small pipeful of coltsfoot.

Both in Ireland and Scotland somewhat similar pipes have been picked up in remote places, and have been attributed by imaginative country folk to the fairies and elves, to the Celts, and to the Danes. Raleigh's sowing the seeds of Ireland's first tobacco-plant in his garden at Youghal is lost sight of in a desire to yield to antiquity the credit due to modern enterprise. About a century ago (to be exact, in the year 1784), the fine Milesian imagination was afforded an opportunity of soaring into the glorious region of an indefinable past, when the headman of every village was indeed a king. In an ancient tomb, far too old to bear the vulgar indication of a date, which had been opened at Bannockstown in Kildare, there was found firmly held between the teeth of the silent occupant a tobacco-pipe, small, but perfectly formed. Here, then, was positive proof of the antiquity of smoking in Ireland ages, possibly, before the Saxon or Danish barbarian had invaded her shores. This important discovery naturally created a commotion among the learned of the Emerald Isle, which soon found mellifluent expression in the *JOURNAL OF ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA*. Visions of a revived Celtic history, clothed in the poetic vestments which properly belong to a venerable, half-forgotten past, rose to cheer Young Ireland's

aspirations ; and now could be sung with renewed fervour,

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,

Bright beams of the past, which she cannot destroy.

It is not pleasant to be robbed of a cherished belief. The awakening breaks upon the shores of romance as would a London fog on a Swiss lake ; yet it must needs be said that under the critical eye of the expert the vision dissolved, and left but an Elizabethan pipe behind. For such indeed was the fate that befell the famous Celtic tumulus and pipe of Bannockstown in Kildare. Stories fanciful and fairy-like, relating to small pipes found in Irish by-paths, are mentioned in Mr. Crofton Croker's FAIRY LEGENDS OF IRELAND. The peasant who picked up one of these always knew that it belonged to the Cluricaunes,—“a set of disavin' little devils,” he would explain, “who were always playing their thricks on good Christians ;” and with a few words of choice brogue he would break it and throw the bits away. Ireland, however, does not stand alone in that legendary lore wherein pipes have played their little part in life's romance. In Worcestershire there still lingers, or did until the scream of the locomotive startled the woods out of their sylvan dream, a fairy tale of Queen Mab having held her court at a spot near Old Swinford, where a number of smoking-pipes had been found, so small that none other than fairy fingers could have made them for fairy mouths. So there grew up among the country folk gifted with a light fancy the belief that Queen Mab had presided at her revels in the dell, distributing among her troop the fairy pipes they had found, while sighing on the breeze,

Come away, elves, while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where the fairies meet.

Leaving the aerial domain of fairyland, our thoughts are wafted to Central Asia still in search of an Eastern birthplace for the weed. In the writings of a Hindoo physician, examined by Doctor Mayer of Königsberg in the course of his Eastern researches, it is stated that tobacco was first brought into India by the Franks in the year 1609, that is to say, nearly half a century after its introduction into Europe. The date agrees well with the progress the Portuguese had at that time made in establishing themselves in India. For nearly a century they had been in possession of Goa; they held important seats of commerce in various other parts of India, and had command of the greater part of the Oriental trade. These earliest of European explorers in the far East, having about the close of the fifteenth century made a successful passage round the Cape of Good Hope, were not slow to secure for themselves a footing on the western shores of Asia, and onward to the Indian Archipelago. Wherever they settled they introduced the American habit of smoking, and eagerly was it adopted by the different peoples with whom they had dealings. In the annals of Java tobacco is stated to have been imported into that island, and the habit of smoking it taught to the natives, by the Portuguese in 1601. To the Portuguese and the Spaniards, fortified later by the prodigious puffing powers of the Dutch, may be fairly ascribed whatever credit may be due for spreading a knowledge in the Eastern World of the habit which, for weal or for woe, has exercised a more potent witchery over man's life than probably any other indulgence, largely modifying, and usually soothing and sobering, his temperament. It seems but reasonable to suppose that if the plant and its use as a narcotic had been known in the East generally,

independently of Europe, the indefatigable Jesuits, who penetrated into almost every nook of the Old World likely to afford a see to Rome, would have made the discovery and noted the fact with their usual accuracy. The illustrious traveller and naturalist Pallas, however, takes a different view of the question. "Amongst the Chinese," he writes, "and amongst the Mongolian tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and has become so necessary a luxury, the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken theirs, so original, and lastly, the preparation of the dried leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces, and then put into the pipe, so peculiar, that they could not possibly have derived all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the practice of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China." But surely this reasoning is merely an example of drawing inference from insufficient data, from what at best bears the appearance only of probability.

The learned botanist Meyen, speaking of China in relation to the habit of smoking, deals with another and more pertinent aspect of the question. "It has long been the opinion," he remarks, "that the use of tobacco, as well as its culture, was peculiar to the people of America; but this is now proved to be incorrect by our present more exact acquaintance with China and India. The consumption of tobacco in the Chinese Empire is of immense extent, and the practice seems to be of great antiquity; for on very old sculptures I have observed the very same tobacco-pipes which are still used. Besides, we know the plant which furnishes the Chinese tobacco; it is even said to grow wild in the East Indies. It is certain that this tobacco plant of Eastern Asia is

quite different from the American species." The tobacco grown in China is very light in colour, and almost tasteless, possessing a very small amount of the essential oil, one or two per cent. as against seven and eight per cent. yielded by the Virginian plant. Experiment, however, has brought to light the fact that climate and soil are really answerable for all the difference between the two kinds; that the *Nicotiana tabacum* of America for example, when transplanted into Syrian soil, has after a few years' cultivation lost its marked characteristics and become a light-coloured, mild tobacco, like the Shiraz herb. Meyen's argument would have had more value if he had been able to assign a date to the sculpture on which he had observed representations of tobacco-pipes; or if he himself had seen and examined specimens of the tobacco-plant said to grow wild in the East Indies. As his statement lacks the certainty which authenticated facts alone can give, it leaves the question still unanswered. The two Lazarists, MM. Gabet and Huc, whose zeal and heroic enterprise carried them safely through the wildest districts of Tartary and Thibet, make no mention of the practice of smoking among the inhabitants of those countries; though in China they had noticed outside tobacco-consumers' shops an effigy of the tobacco-plant, which they took to be a representation of the royal insignia of France, for they speak of it as the *fleur-de-lis*. Doubtless China rose in their estimation when they beheld so flattering an acknowledgment of its indebtedness to the Grand Nation for the blessing the herb conferred on an unworthy people. But if such were their impression they greatly erred. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire (Tin-shan) entertained notions of a very different character. Their

country (Chung-tow) occupied the centre of the earth, and all beings outside their borders they regarded as Fan-qui, barbarian wanderers, or outlandish demons. The exalted ideas they had formed of themselves led them into the happy delusion that they were the lower empire of the celestial universe. "In the heavens," says M. Pingré, "they beheld a vast republic, an immense empire, composed of kingdoms and provinces; these provinces were the constellations; there was supremely decided all that should happen, whether favourable or unfavourable, to the great terrestrial empire, the empire of China." Their historians carry back the traditions of their country to a period so remote (millions of years) that Europe can only be conceived of as primeval forest, and its inhabitants as barely emerging from their protoplasmic swamps. It is, moreover, a country of fantastic oddities, of topsy-turvy notions of the proprieties of everyday life; where you are constantly meeting with gentlemen in petticoats and ladies in trousers, the ladies smoking and the gentlemen fanning themselves; where ladies of quality may be seen toddling like animated walking-sticks, while stout fellows sit indoors, trimming dainty head-dresses for them. Go outside the city and you find greybeards playing shuttlecock with their feet or flying curious kites, and others chirruping and chuckling to their pet birds, which they have brought out to take the air, while groups of youths gravely look on regarding these juvenile pastimes of their elders with becoming approval.

Early in the course of European adventure in the far East travellers, who under various disguises had succeeded in penetrating into the interior of China, found in some provinces the cultivation of tobacco ranking among the foremost of their agricultural pro-

ductions. Bell, in his TRAVELS IN ASIA (Pinkerton's Edition, 1811), speaking of China, says: "I also saw great plantations of tobacco which they call 'Tharr,' and which yield considerable profits. It is universally used in smoking in China by persons of all ranks and both sexes; and besides great quantities are sent to the Mongols, who prefer the Chinese method of preparing it before any other. They make it into gross powder like sawdust, which they keep in a small bag, and fill their little brass pipes out of it without touching it with their fingers. The smoke is very mild, and has a different smell from ours. It is reported that the Chinese have had the use of it for many ages." Tobacco and the habit of smoking it are mentioned in the annals of the Yuen dynasty, about two centuries before Columbus had discovered America. Those who cry down every other than an American origin for the weed, assert that the Chinese product is not tobacco, but some other herb used in the same way. Botanists, however, have shown this opinion to be erroneous. The great plain of Ching-too Foo is noted as the region where the culture and manufacture of tobacco are conducted on a more extensive scale than in any other part of the empire. In this plain the district of Sze-Chuen stands out prominently as the great centre and mart of the industry; from its plantations are exported large quantities of tobacco to other parts of China, to Yun-nan, Hoo-nan, Han-Kow, and also to Se-fan in Thibet. To Han-Kow alone are annually exported about fifty thousand *piculs*,—say, about three thousand tons. The best is grown in the district of Pe-Heen: the next quality is the product of Kin-lang Heen; and an inferior kind is grown in the plantations of She-fang Heen.

Europeans who have visited this tobacco-producing district speak of a practice common among the inhabitants of rolling up tobacco for smoking in a separate leaf into cylindrical form, of the size of a large cigar. This simple circumstance is suggestive; it recalls to the memory what the first European adventurers in the New World have told us of the way the natives made up their herb for smoking. The Spaniards had observed the natives of Cuba and of Central America doing precisely the same thing; rolling up tobacco in a leaf of maize, or of the tobacco-plant, for smoking in the same way as do these denizens of the Flowery Land. And our countryman, Thomas Hariot, the historian of Raleigh's first colonists, in his *BRIEF AND TRUE REPORT OF THE NEW FOUND LAND OF VIRGINIA*, says: "Soon after we made our peace with the natives we found them making a fume of a dried leaf, which they rolled up in a leaf of maize, of the bigness of a man's finger . . . putting a light to the leaf they smoked it, as is done by all men in these days." This identity of practice and habit points to a new link in the chain of evidence, connecting the inhabitants of the New World with the nations of Eastern Asia, more particularly with China.

Bearing on the ethnological aspect of the subject is the fact that pipes have been found on many different occasions in the ancient earth-mounds of Ohio, in the valley of the Mississippi, and in Mexico, some of which are carved in the form of human heads of an unmistakably Mongolian type. Soon after the discovery of America the question of the origin of its inhabitants became a fertile source of conjecture among speculative thinkers. Probably Gregorio Garcíá, a missionary who had for twenty years lived in South America, was the first to reject the general opinion that they were a new

race of beings sprung from the soil they inhabited, and to suggest for them an Asiatic source. He published his views on the question in a work entitled *THE ORIGIN OF THE INDIANS OF THE NEW WORLD* (Valencia, 1607), wherein he expresses himself as opposed to the autochthonous character of the inhabitants, and points out reasons for thinking that the country had been peopled by Tartars and Chinese. Brerewood also, in his *DIVERSITIES OF LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS* (1632-5), assigned the American people an Eastern, and chiefly Tartar, origin. But Hugh Grotius argued that North America was peopled from a Scandinavian stock, though probably the Peruvians were from China. Coming to more recent times may be mentioned Professor Smith Barton of Pennsylvania, who, in his *NEW VIEWS OF THE ORIGIN OF THE TRIBES AND NATIONS OF AMERICA*, contends that they are descended from Asiatic nations, though he is unable to point to any particular source from which they have emanated. And John Delafield's *ENQUIRIES INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA* lead him to the conclusion that the Mexicans were from the riper nations of Hindustan and Egypt, and that the more barbarous red men were from the Mongol stock. Alexander von Humboldt during his travels in South America gave the weight of his vast knowledge and shrewd observation to a consideration of the subject. In their habits of life, in their arts and leading ideas, and in their form of government, in their personal appearance, as the yellowish hue of their complexions and the Chinese cast of features, more particularly as noticed among the tribes of Peru and Brazil, he saw indubious evidence of an Asiatic origin. Everywhere he discerned indications, not of a primitive race, but of the scattered remnants of

a civilisation early lost. It is to be earnestly hoped that an inquiry so full of deep interest may not be allowed to die out for want of organised effort to examine and establish the prehistoric connection of these early inhabitants of America with the Old World, possibly with the earliest dynasties of Egypt, before the ravages of time and advancing civilisation have effaced all traces. These traces are still visible and within reach; they are revealed in the buried cities of Central America, in elaborate inscriptions on the massive stonework of Mexico and Guatemala, and in other decorative masonry of a people who have left behind no other vestige of their existence, saving the outcast wanderers who still haunt the forest and the prairie.

The question, then, naturally arises, may not the Chinese and other half civilised nations of Asia, in their prehistoric migrations to the shores of America, have carried with them not only a knowledge of the tobacco-plant and its use, but also the seed of the plant? Certainly they would do so at one period or another with such things as could be conveniently carried for the supply of their immediate wants. A knowledge and use of the tobacco-plant in China before the days of Columbus is established; incidental mention is made of tobacco in their

national records of the year 1300. It has been the custom of every writer on the subject to decry all attempts to seek for the origin of the habit in any part of the Old World. Doctor Cleland, in his learned treatise on *THE HISTORY AND PROPERTIES OF TOBACCO* (Glasgow, 1840), dismisses the inquiry as the growth of wild assertions by Eastern travellers, or, at best, a mere tradition of the people among whom they travelled, and "obviously of no conceivable weight, from the love of antiquity which is so well known a mania of the inhabitants of Oriental countries." This summary treatment may be convenient, but it is not convincing; nor is it consistent with the open spirit of fair inquiry which should characterise all endeavour to arrive at truth, or to extend the sphere of knowledge. After all, then, we find ourselves in presence of the not improbable hypothesis of an Eastern origin for the tobacco-plant and the habit of smoking its leaves. Let it be conceded that in this we have an instance, among many other, of the Chinaman's way of forestalling the rest of mankind; that it was he who long ages ago first planted in American soil the perennial weed which Europe to-day presents to him as a new indulgence discovered by Western enterprise.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

WHEN I first met Marshall Bellows he was a member of the American colony of Florence. He was perhaps forty years old, with clean-cut features, a smooth-shaven face, and dark-brown hair turning gray at the temples; and he was always well dressed. I met him at the English club, where he was well-known and liked for his pleasant manners and sociable temper. He was also more properly a member of an unnamed club which meets at a certain well-known Florentine café. There is a bar in front, where the Italians buy their vermouth, and at the back of the room there are a number of tables at which every day about noon, and again later on at four o'clock, you may see the same men, principally Americans and English. These are the men who were. They are generally past their prime of life, certainly past their prime of usefulness. There are both rich and poor among them, and for the most part they are intellectual. The past is the topic of their talk, and their every word spells failure. Sometimes, very late in the afternoon, there are regrets for the days that are gone; the present and the future are by tacit understanding forbidden subjects. Where these men live when they are not at the café I do not know. Their hours of meeting are to them the hours of the day. It is then that they are at their best, and it is by them that I believe they would prefer to be judged.

Marshall Bellows was the newest member of this club. He had come to Florence because the life of leisure seemed to flow so freely and uninter-

ruptedly there. One day seemed so much like the other, and the sunlight so good for thoughts of the past, and the still quiet nights for perfect rest, and both day and night so free from the noise and turmoil of the great cities.

Bellows had spun the yarn which he called the story of his life some years before, when he was about to start on his real career. She was a pretty girl, with a nice small figure; and like Bellows she had fine ideals. He had first met her at a country-house and had lived under the same roof with her for one week; and in consequence for months afterwards he had followed in her wake thankful for any odd moments she could spare to him. She smiled on him till the time came when she met the man who, she thought, fulfilled all the ideals of her twenty years. It may be observed in passing that he fulfilled none of them; but he has nothing to do with this story. He became a most placid member of society, and his wife lost her pretty figure and forgot the fine schemes she had laid out for herself and society. She tried to devote them all to him in the first few weeks of her married life; but they fell on stony places, and she gave them up about the time that she closed for ever the volume of Beethoven's symphonies on the drawing-room piano. The result was a mild, full-faced husband and a plump mother, too well-bred to speak of her own children's virtues but full of unpleasant information about the offspring of her intimate friends.

But to return to Bellows. He took

what seemed to him the sensible course. He left the country with a good photograph of a fine lithe example of the best type of American girl in his portmanteau; and a fine lithe American girl she remained to him always. He at first lived quietly at boarding-houses in Switzerland, because the scenery seemed very grand and it was generally lonely; afterwards he spent the money he had thus saved at Monte Carlo. He became an incident in the life of the American colony at Paris, and learned to drive a coach up the Champs Elysées; and afterwards, through his gains at Longchamps and Auteuil, he became a conspicuous figure for all the women who came to Paris to wonder at. And yet he was not happy. Somewhere in the country that he had denied there was that delicate framework, that high type of womanhood who had cast in her lot with another. He never climbed a mountain in Switzerland that he did not secretly hope to find her sitting disconsolate on the peak, and liable to be blown off at any moment but for his timely appearance. At Monte Carlo he wanted to break the bank, not so much to revenge mankind or to win the money, as to have the fact telegraphed to America and make her think that he was a much finer fellow than she had originally supposed, or that he was going to the devil very quickly and for all time. When he moved from the Riviera to Paris he studied the papers to learn what Americans had arrived at what hotels; and he drove his coach with the sole purpose that she might see him perched up so very high and looking so very fine. Whether she did or not he never knew, as he failed to reach a point where the four horses were not sufficient to occupy his entire attention.

After a few years of unproductive

travelling, always accompanied by her photograph and a dog, which animal his reading and knowledge of the drama had taught him to be always necessary to a man crossed in love, he returned to America and the home that he knew before he met her. But he found that these years of travel had unloosed most of his old acquaintances, and even his friends. It was not, after all, much to wonder at. He had brought back nothing to tell, and he had thought so much of his own story that it had to a certain extent affected at least his value as a companion. And so, after a half-hearted welcome and three months of indifference, he called on his lawyer and his banker, and having confided his chief difficulties to his dog, he turned his back for ever on the land which he really loved and for which a few years since he had hoped to do so many and such noble things. All of which was of course a pity, and happened simply because the man needed one noble passion for one woman or one thing instead of doling out his sentiment and his fine ambitions on a romance which was not a romance at all, but only a very youthful imitation of one.

When Bellows returned to his exile abroad he decided to forget the past at his easel. He had a pretty talent for drawing; even now there are two prints from his sketches in a window on the Via dei Pucci, and although they are of a rather modern girl, and although they are hung among the rough sketches of some old masters, yet there is something in them,—that something which for lack of a better name critics call promise. He also did a little modelling, but he got no further than the copying period, and as a matter of fact, I believe, never had anything cast. But music was the rack upon which Bellows's friends pinned their faith and their apolo-

gies for his other failures. He certainly had a good knowledge of technique and played with a deal of feeling; but his music always left his listeners in such a dreary frame of mind that even that accomplishment was not entirely successful. He had rooms very near the Cascine, and he had made them beautiful with old furniture and brocades and good pictures and glass and silver and tapestries,—in fact all the things on which the last few hundred years of Italy have placed their stamp of approval. In one corner of the drawing-room there was an old carved desk with a great flat top and drawers down either side. In one of these Bellows had packed away the practical story of his life. This to him was the one thing that he *had* done, and he believed that he had done it well. Every man, they say, can write one story, and Bellows had written his. He had worked on it for a long time, and from a mere sketch it had grown into a fairly long story, full, so Bellows thought, of fine ideas and pricking sarcasms. When he was gone the world was to have it, and find regret in it for the past and a little warning for the future. Bellows laid no claims to any unusual ability as an author, but there was one thing he thought he did know, and that was woman; and while he had been in his opinion fair and just to her, he had at least been conscientiously truthful. He believed that he had combined the wit of a Sydney Smith, the cynicism of a Gilbert, and the analysis of a Bourget in that one short story. Perhaps it was all that he claimed for it; but as a matter of fact no one was ever allowed to read it. It was a very sacred thing to Bellows, and it was only very late in the afternoon, when the talk at the club grew confidential, that it was even mentioned.

It must be said for Bellows that he

complained to no one, and doled out the sentiment and the passion of his life alone. He took long drives through the Cascine, and if there was a crowd he would leave his carriage and walk down through the narrow shaded walks or out on the little gravel path that runs along the Arno. It was a pathetic sight to see him standing there alone, late in the afternoon, leaning over the railing with the little river running at his feet, and across the stream the green banks, and beyond and above all the faint pink sky shading into the first gray shades of the coming evening. It was pathetic because it all meant so little to one to whom it might and should have meant so much. He was not looking at, but through one of the greatest pictures nature ever painted. He did not see the green grass and the last glow from the hot crimson sun that had sunk behind the hills; he saw nothing but a waste of years, a waste of his own life scorched of its noble ideals, a succession of petty triumphs and great failures.

He could be seen almost any night at the opera sitting alone in the pit, intent as any master could have been, but after all it was only an accompaniment to his own thoughts. He was setting the music of Gounod and Verdi to his own words, to the story of his life lying in the desk at home. The heroine was always the same. Many years had passed since he had seen her, and she had grown stout and somewhat careless in her dress, as even the best of women will sometimes forget themselves in their children; but to him she was always the same, pretty and graceful and young; and he, as he listened to the music, became young too and forgot the gray temples and the sharp lines cutting into his forehead.

But in time Bellows was no longer

to be seen on the banks of the Arno and ceased to frequent the opera. He spent more of his time at the café, and the club often broke up in the late afternoon and left him sitting alone before the marble table and the empty glasses. Men who stepped in for a glass of vermouth before a late dinner would find him still sitting there in the deserted room looking intently across it at the gray-painted wall.

Men who live in Tuscany, and are not content with the wine of the country, are well enough when the *tramontana* winds blow down from the snow-covered mountains and bluster and scream through the high, narrow streets, and again when the rain and snow-storms drive the men and horses into shelter; but it is very different when the sun blazes out and turns its hot rays into every narrow lane and makes the Lung'Arno fit only for dogs. Then the man who is not content with the wine of the country finds, after he crosses a piazza, that the merciless sun has turned the streets into avenues of white chalk, and the gray-green tops of the olive trees on the hills form themselves into a crooked black line against a milk-white sky.

Bellows turned on his pillow and looked sleepily at the clock on the mantel-piece. It was just seven and the April sun fell in a long unbroken shaft across the bed. There was something about the flood of the early morning sunshine that made him think of a room he had had in a little cottage at home. He used to spend his summers there, and every fine morning the sun used to awaken him from a long fresh sleep and he would lie there in the yellow light and listen to the hens cackling and the cocks crowing just outside his door. Bellows always used to say

that these were the happiest days of his life. Things that he had done in those early days seemed to come back to him this morning very clearly; he recalled certain games he had played, and long days when he had sat silently in his boat with a rod in his hand, or had tramped over the marshes with a gun under his arm. And then quite unconsciously he began to whistle softly a song he used to sing a very long time before.

"That's funny," he said half aloud; "everything seems so clear this morning."

There was no headache and no pain, nothing but a little weakness in his arms and lips. His head was so very clear, and everything in the room seemed to stand out so much more sharply, and to mean so much more than it ever had meant before. For a moment he thought he would ring for his servant, but he changed his mind and tossed the clothes off his bed. He put on his slippers and his dressing-gown and walked out into the drawing-room. It was still cold, so he lit the fire and then walked out into the sunshine of the balcony. The sky was the light blue of the clear Italian morning, and the stony street lay very white and clean and almost deserted in the early sun. He looked down at the entrance of the Cascine and saw, through the mist floating from off the river, two men leisurely crossing the piazza on their way to work. Across the street in front of the theatre a man was pasting up the bills for the opera that night. He tried to read the letters of the name, and then it suddenly occurred to him that it did not make much difference after all, at least to him. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and stepped back into the room. The fire was crackling on the hearth, and the room looked very bright and snug with its red curtains and the deep brown walls.

He stood quite still for some moments looking curiously round at the beautiful things he had gathered about him. And then he suddenly remembered that probably he would not see them again. They would be stripped from their places and scattered broadcast over the world. In a short time there would be another master here, and the individuality and the atmosphere which he had given to the place through these material things would have passed away. Surely there was something he would leave behind? It was true the pictures were not of his brush; some were by great men of this time whom he had known, and others were the work of men who died when men knew really how to paint. On the shelves there was no book that bore his name; the music on the rack was the inspiration of masters who had died and left humanity their debtor for all time. Even the tapestry and the china, even the very silk of the curtains had been made by a people who were great in their own way, and who had been buried with the secret of their knowledge.

Bellows pulled the girdle of his dressing-gown tightly about him. Surely there must be something? The photographs scattered about were the likenesses of pretty women whom he had not known for years, or of singers from the cafés chantants, whose names and good wishes written across the face he had bought with bank-notes. He turned slowly from one wall to another, from the eastern rugs under his feet to the old frescoes of the cupids on the ceiling. And then for a moment his eyes rested on the desk.

Yes, there was something; that manuscript, his own story. He took it from the drawer, and began to read it, although he knew every word by

heart. He turned the first few pages over very slowly and read what he had written with much care. His brain seemed so much stronger this morning, and everything so much clearer and so much more as it used to be when he was younger and gave things the value they deserved, the value the world put upon them. Half sitting on the desk he turned the leaves of the manuscript slowly until he had read the story through. For a moment he still rested against the desk and looked across the room to the long, high window and the old lace curtains moving slowly about in the first breeze of the morning. He pressed his lips tightly together, and then his face relaxed into a smile; but it was a face in which there was no gladness, a smile that men wear who are called by the world good losers.

"It is very strange," he said to the long window and the fluttering curtains, "but I really thought the story was new and good; this morning it seems that it is very old. It's the story that every man and every woman could write, did they wish to tell of one happy or unhappy time in their own life. It has been told a thousand times, and very much better than I have told it."

He carried the bundle of paper to the open hearth and let it fall from his hand among the burning coals. For a moment they divided it into two high points, and then a tiny blue flame caught the corner of the package and curled the pages one by one until a chance flame turned the whole into a blazing mass.

Bellows stood with his arm on the shelf above the fire and his head resting on the back of his hand. He watched the flames rise and fall and leave his story a charred, black, useless mass in the red embers.

THE RED DEER OF NEW ZEALAND.

"*August 22nd.*—I sent out my keepers into Windsor forest to harbour a stag to be hunted to-morrow morning, but I persuaded Colonel Ludlow that it would be hard to shew him any sport, the best stags being all destroyed; but he was very earnest to have some sport and I thought not fit to deny him.

"*August 23rd.*—My keepers did harbour a stag. Colonel Ludlow and other gentlemen met me by daybreak. It was a young stag, but very lusty and in good case. The first ring which the stag led the gallants was above twenty miles."

So wrote Bulstrode Whitelocke in the year 1649, six months after the execution of King Charles the First. In February, 1645, royal Windsor had seen the making of the famous army which was to crush the Royalists and bring the King to the block; and in June, Windsor, no longer royal, was with certain other palaces reserved from the sale of the kingly possessions, for the use of the State. A month later Mr. Whitelocke was housed in the manor-lodge of the park "to retire himself from business," for he was an extremely busy person, and in those days busier than ever. He was a Member of Parliament, of the Council of State, and a Commissioner, labour enough for one man, as he observes with pathetic self-consciousness; and as if this were not enough, he had taken over the charge of the famous and precious collection of books and medals at Saint James's. A dull, solid lawyer with a taste for literature and art is not exactly the type of

man which one would have selected to install in the manor-lodge of Windsor Park, and it is reasonable to conjecture that he was not too well pleased when Colonel Ludlow came down and insisted on a day's stag-hunting. Ludlow again, the sour, stubborn republican, is hardly the man whom one would have chosen to disturb the repose of his colleague by a demand for sport; but it is evident, since Whitelocke did not see fit to deny him, that his keenness bore down all hesitation and all objections.

So Whitelocke's keepers went out to harbour a stag, and Whitelocke himself probably thanked Heaven that he needed not rise with them before dawn and go out through the dripping dewy grass, to look for the slot of a great hart and find none. And that morning the harboured deer must, unless we are mistaken, have led Ludlow and his friends a dance from which their horses did not recover for a fortnight nor their hounds for a month. It was a young stag, says Whitelocke sagely, but very lusty and in good case. The honest man was no sportsman, or he would have known that the masters of venery, even to the opening of the present century, confined themselves to the chase of old deer for the simple reason that they are more easily caught than the young. Harts of a lively red colour, says the old French authority, should not greatly delight the heart of the hunter; and the explanation is that a lively red betokens such a deer as Ludlow hunted in vain two hundred and fifty years ago. In these days when the breeding and training of hounds for speed have been

carried to perfection, such deer may be raced to death in a couple of hours; and before this present August is closed this will have been the fate of more than one on wild Exmoor.

Surely, it will be said, it is a far cry from the Windsor deer of Whitelocke's day to the red deer in New Zealand. It is, and yet it is not. Whitelocke apologised for the prospect of a poor day's sport on the ground that all the best stags had been destroyed; and indeed it should seem that the English poacher enjoyed a regular carnival during the Great Rebellion. The love which the Normans had taught the English kings for the tall red deer had clothed the poor animals with an unfortunate and a precarious sanctity. For their sake the military efficiency of England had twice been seriously impaired; first when King Edward the First forbade to his lieges in the forest the use of the clothyard shaft, and next when King Henry the Eighth discountenanced the newly-invented hand-guns in favour of the old-fashioned bow. When, therefore, the confusion of the Civil War opened the door to lawlessness, the onslaught on the deer seems to have been universal. There is in the State Papers a pathetic appeal from King Charles the Second to the gentlemen living round his forests to allow his sadly thinned herds to recover themselves, so as to afford him some little sport. Windsor, from whatever cause, seems especially to have suffered in this respect. The English soldier has always required good feeding, and it is quite possible that there were cunning poachers in the ranks of the New Model Army who kept it well provided with venison. Be that as it may, the herd of deer was so far reduced that the King was fain to restock the forest by importing deer from Germany.

Thus then the German deer first,

so far as we know, found his way to England; and if any one is surprised to find the stags at Windsor larger and finer than any that he has seen in Scotland or on Exmoor, this is the explanation. The German deer is a much grander animal to the eye than the English; and if any Englishman or Scotchman boasts himself of a fine collection of native antlers, he has only to visit such a rival collection as that of the Kings of Saxony at Moritzburg to find himself humbled even to the dust.

Now rather more than fifty years ago the English entered into possession of a new, strange, and beautiful country, a kind of insular Italy, consisting of a great central mountain range, broken indeed in the centre by about twenty miles of salt water, but with that exception continuous, with a broad margin, as usual, to the east and a narrow margin to the west. Vast tracts of magnificent forest covered and still cover much both of the mountainous and the lower land; and yet when the white man first visited it he found therein no four-footed thing, but only birds, many of which had lost the habit of flight, and some even the possession of wings, through long immunity from creeping enemies. The first visitors that the white men left behind them were rats and swine; the former of course soon spread all over the country, while the latter, reverting to their primitive wildness, are still plentiful in many forest-districts and bear tusks such as many an Indian sportsman would covet for a trophy. Sheep, oxen, horses, dogs, and cats have also seized the opportunity to escape into the bush and run wild; but a far nobler colonist for the New Zealand forest was found in the red deer.

The ancestors of the New Zealand deer were a present from the late

Prince Consort, and were themselves descended from the Germans imported by King Charles the Second. In 1861 two stags and four hinds were caught in Windsor Park and shipped off to the Antipodes. One stag and two hinds took passage in the ship *Triton*, and after a passage of one hundred and twenty-seven days, in the course of which one hind died at sea, the two survivors were landed at Wellington on June 6th, 1862. Of the remaining three, which were designed for the province of Canterbury in the South Island, but a single hind reached her destination alive; so she was presently reshipped to join the pair at Wellington.

It is pathetic to think of the bewilderment to which these poor animals must have been subjected in that first year 1862. Caught up in the middle of the English winter they found themselves in a few weeks in the tropics. The stag would naturally expect his new head to be growing instead of an old one to be stuck immovably on his forehead, and the hinds must have thought that they had made a serious miscalculation as to the establishment of a nursery. Then, the tropics passed, came the long dreary run through the Southern Ocean. The stag had probably shed what horns were left to him, and now found himself at midwinter defenceless, while the hinds congratulated themselves that there was no occasion for a nursery after all. Finally, when landed at Wellington within a fortnight of English midsummer day, they discovered that in the Southern hemisphere they were within the same distance of the shortest day, and probably had the fact brought home to them by the bitter blast of what in those parts is known by the elegant name of a southerly buster.

Their first months ashore were anything but enviable. They were

kept for a considerable time in a stable of the principal street, and no doubt exposed to frequent and irritating visits. Then the novelty of their appearance wore off, and the bills for forage began to grow heavy. New Zealand was at that time divided into provinces under provincial governments. The Colony was not yet rich, the Maoris were not yet conquered, and every additional expense was a burden. So there the three poor animals remained, pent up in a stable with the hot north wind roaring round them, while public and politicians grumbled loudly at the cost of their keep, and asked who was to blame for their untimely arrival in the Colony.

At last, to the general relief, a patriotic member of Assembly offered to carry them off at his own expense to his station up the country. The Government gladly agreed. The deer, by this time inured to all surprises, were replaced in the box wherein they had travelled from England, packed on a waggon, and off they went. Far away at the head of the grand inland lake which is called Wellington Harbour and of the valley that runs down to it, stands a noble range of forest-clad mountains six thousand feet in height; and beyond them again is a plain such as Claude would have loved to paint, watered by rivers whereof the like is not to be seen in England. Thither the deer were slowly tugged, over the ranges which a mountain railway now climbs at a gradient of one in fifteen, and down into the valley, to the patriotic politician's homestead. There at last, after yet some weeks of detention, they were liberated in the spring of 1863. They at once crossed the greatest river in the valley and took refuge in some limestone ranges, which are now well sown with English grasses, and so recall to them their former home.

It was not a great stock wherewith to found a herd in a new and heavily wooded country, and it is probable that some little time was necessary for the deer to accommodate themselves to changes of climate and season. On Exmoor, which would be nearer akin in climate to New Zealand than Scotland, stags shed their horns between the middle of April and the middle of May, and fray the velvet of the newly-grown head in the last week of August and the first fortnight or thereabouts of September. In Devonshire the rutting season begins in the first week of October, and the calves are dropped in the middle weeks of June. In New Zealand July corresponds to January. The deer shed their horns in September, which corresponds to March, and have clean heads at the end of January. The rutting season opens about the 20th of March, and the calves are dropped towards the end of November. Thus it should seem that in every point, except the actual time of birth, the deer of New Zealand are a month ahead of their fellows in Devon or Somerset.

But their precocity in other respects is still more astonishing. In Devon the second head of a young male deer rarely carries more than at most four branches, and generally brow antlers alone. In New Zealand there is an authentic case of a young stag, not yet three years old, with ten full points. It is true that the animal was caught up as a calf and fed by hand until his second head was grown; but something more than mere feeding by hand is necessary to produce in two years what would be considered even in punctilious France to be a fair growth for five. In truth the red deer of New Zealand bids fair to become a gigantic animal. There is now before us a photograph, with measurements of four heads of New

Zealand stags; and we confess, though we have seen something of antlers in our time, that we are fairly amazed by their size. To give but one item, the heaviest of them measures close on ten inches round the beam between the bay and trey antlers, that is to say, about a third of the way up the horn from the skull. The rest of the heads, though less massive than this, are magnificent in beam and spread and length of tine, and moreover, so far as we can judge, are not the largest which the deer would have grown had they been left alive for a year or two longer.

For this superb growth of horn there are plenty of reasons to account. In the first place, the original breed of the deer was, as has been said, German, and therefore larger than the English. Next, the animals have an immense range of forest wherein to roam at large, plenty of good food, and freedom at their will both from the hand of man and from the hardships of winter. Again, it is significant that the finest heads always come from the limestone country, which is so favourable to the formation of bone. Lastly, there seems to be something magical about New Zealand which makes every imported creature grow and thrive, at any rate for a time, with amazing vigour. The English brook-trout, which in a similar stream in England would weigh from four ounces to a pound, average in New Zealand from one pound to five or even eight; while in the larger rivers and lakes they increase without an effort to ten, fifteen, and even to five-and-thirty pounds. Moreover, now that they have taken to the salmonic habit of going down annually to the sea, they bid fair to convert themselves in due time into salmon, and then there is no saying to what monstrous proportions they may attain.

But, to return to our deer; grand

though the trophies are that have already been secured, it by no means follows that they are the grandest in the New Zealand forest. For the stock sprung from the ancestors of Windsor is now increasing apace, and is spreading further and further over the North Island. This of course does not imply that they are in any place unduly thick on the ground. Anyone familiar with the habits of deer is aware of the secret of the red deer's wanderings. Some young stag grows weary during the love-season of being ousted from all opportunities of courtship by his more powerful seniors, so denying himself the luxury of a harem, he elopes with a single hind as young as himself, and takes her away into a far country where they may enjoy connubial felicity undisturbed. Young couples in this way wander away from Exmoor to Dartmoor, to the Blackmoor vale, and even to the New Forest; and in New Zealand they have probably stolen afield to districts where their presence is unsuspected, and will remain unsuspected until betrayed by the increase of their numbers.

Nor has the hand of man been idle. That most meritorious institution, the Wellington Acclimatization Society, which still indefatigably stocks the innumerable rivers and streams of the province with half a million trout every year, has taken the red deer into its more particular charge, and is establishing new colonies, according to its resources, in every likely spot. As the original herd grows, enthusiasts watch for the calves, steal them away, rear them, and turn them out when of discreet age into the land of some friendly squatter, who will keep a careful eye on them until they are able to take care of themselves. The process is the easier inasmuch as the hinds appear to leave the higher for the lower lands when the time for

calving comes. When we ourselves some years ago enjoyed the benefit of the Acclimatization Society's labours, there was not a great deal said about the deer. They were known to be on the increase; they were frequently seen by those that lived near them, and they were occasionally shot. Those who knew them best would report that they had seen what they called a mob of them at various times, and would give a rough description of them. But latterly the New Zealanders have taken to watching the deer carefully and studying their habits and seasons, curiously and lovingly after the manner of Gaston de Foix and his disciple Jacques du Fouilloux. Already some interesting facts have crept into the Annual Report of the Society for 1896, and it is to be hoped that all who have the opportunity may continue to collect and to set down such facts as come under their notice. The number of sportsmen who take out licenses to shoot deer grows as steadily as the numbers of the deer themselves; and they, too, should be able to record matters of interest, not only in the little studied province of acclimatization but in the wider field of natural history.

It is true that sport is not a plant that thrives in a democratic soil, and that the mere word *game* has an unpleasant sound to those who, because they work less with their heads than their hands, claim that there is no labour in the world but theirs. One could hardly conceive of an animal less obnoxious to the working man than the common brook-trout; and yet he has before now been assaulted in New Zealand with dynamite, for no apparent reason except vindication of the dignity of labour. The deer cannot hope to go unscathed, the less so since it appears that the old stags cannot

shake off a pursuing sheep-dog. On Exmoor so tardy a description of deer is unknown; but it may well be that the German is a heavier and more unwieldy animal, being unaccustomed to run before hounds. However, if a few slow and incautious victims should fall in New Zealand, their fate will only quicken the wariness of the survivors; and as the sport of stalking becomes more common the native sportsmen will find it increasingly difficult to outwit the most cunning and circumspect of quarries.

We speak of stalking, for we cannot think that stag-hunting will ever cross the ocean to the Antipodes. Much of the country also is too rugged and steep to permit riding to hounds, and forest-hunting is not an art in which the English as a rule excel. But even to shoot the deer with any success the sportsmen of New Zealand must needs evolve for themselves a complete new system of woodcraft. To the shame of our nation there is no adequate treatise on woodcraft in our language excepting Turberville's translation of du Fouilloux, which the troublesome freaks of bibliomania have raised to the price of, say, six good New Zealand horses. But not all the wisdom and experience of Gaston de Foix himself will avail for a forest of strange flora. It is useless to allude to the passion of young male deer for the young sprouts of the ash, or to the fondness of all descriptions of deer for ivy, in a country where ash and ivy are unknown. It is beside the mark to discourse of the lessons to be learned of "pies and jays marvelling" in the land of the *kea* and the *kiwi*. The New Zealanders have already discovered that the delicacy which takes the place of the ash is a species of wild fuchsia; but the deer's favourite food in the country is a subject which will occupy many observers before it is exhausted.

The sportsmen of New Zealand have in fact the whole field of a new woodcraft before them; and if they will but copy the careful precision of the old masters they may add many new and strange things to the precepts of ancient venery, and set the *jugemens*, or tokens, of the supple-jack and of the tree-fern, in their place on the old lists drawn up by the old French woodcraftsmen.

At the same time they will have the unique opportunity of studying two totally distinct kinds of deer, and, it may be, of watching, in the course of generations, their gradual approximation to a single type. For the colony is eclectic in its tastes, gathers in deer from the east and from the west, and has found room for the Indian sambar as well as the German red deer. The two herds have not yet met, and it is possible that they may keep themselves always apart; but in any case the comparative study of their progress will be of uncommon interest. The times and seasons of the imported sambar have not yet, apparently, been ascertained, but the Eastern animal is reported to thrive and increase as steadily as the Western. When with the growth of the herd observation becomes easier, we may expect to hear something of them; and we hope that the experts in both descriptions of deer will from time to time exchange districts and experiences, and record their observations for the benefit of others.

Meanwhile the Acclimatization Society is not yet satisfied, and contemplates the introduction of fallow deer and roe in addition to the emigrants already settled in the forest. At this rate New Zealand will become the playground not only of Australasia but of Europe, and eclipse, if a new country can ever eclipse an old one, even the venerable Switzerland. The Colony will profit by such a consumma-

tion, but we question whether even the influx of foreign tourists can benefit it so much as the growth of a healthy sporting instinct. The word sport is so miserably misapplied in these days to the mere pursuit of gambling and gate-money that we hesitate to use it. But the sport which we mean has nothing to do with mere slaughter, still less with paragraphs in newspapers. Townsfolk may turn up their noses at the killing of wild animals, but they forget that the first step towards killing them is to get near them; and to get near them their habits and caprices, their instincts and their wiles, their subtleties and their foibles must be studied with assiduous and unconquerable patience. Thus in the true sportsman slaughter is swallowed up in observation, the slayer in the

naturalist. Xenophon grows more eloquent over a hare in her form than over even the prowess of his hounds; du Fouilloux, with all his passion for the chase, would sit in a tree for hours to watch an old stag. There are such men in New Zealand, and we hope that their influence may increase and teach the much-needed lesson, that country life is worth living for something more than the weighing of wool bales, the freezing of half-bred mutton, and the eternal making of money. There is no greater fallacy than the foolish creed that sportsmen are brutal and unintelligent. The greatest of all poets was a good sportsman and an excellent woodcraftsman; and those who sneer at sport and woodcraft are sneering at William Shakespeare.

IN LORD'S PAVILION.

It is a common reproach against Englishmen that they can talk of nothing but their weather and their politics. Perhaps the charge holds no better against them than against other nations; but it is no doubt true that they are always ready to talk on either subject. For the latter there is no excuse. Politics are the same all the world over. Those who are in office want to stay there; those who are out of office want to be in; that begins and ends it. But our English weather I maintain to be a curious and interesting subject of conversation. When we reflect to what a large part of our countrymen it is infinitely more important than all the Acts of Parliament that ever were or will be passed, it is surely not to be dismissed as mere babble. I do not, however, myself, profess to consider it with an agricultural mind, being no more of a farmer than a politician, and regarding the changes and chances of the seasons only with that unintelligent interest in the production of strawberries, green peas, and new potatoes which is shared by all men who are apt rather in consuming than in producing the fruits of the earth. I regard the English weather solely as a curious and interesting phenomenon, one which, like Mistress Quickly, you know not where to have. Such it must surely be to every inquiring mind; such it assuredly will be to one who has not experienced its infinite and incalculable variety for many years.

This was my position at the be-

ginning of the present summer. I had been absent from England for many years, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and, as fortune willed it, mainly in those parts whereon the sun shines through most months of the year, and rain, hail, snow, and tempest are infrequent things. I need not further define my wanderings; they would be of no interest to others, and were of little to myself. At intervals I heard from my friends, in the summer-time mostly, and they had generally something to tell me about cricket. Keen cricketers all, yet like myself not so young as they had once been, they now pursued the game vicariously from the serene elevation of the pavilion. The better correspondents they were on that account, and I was kept pretty well informed of all the most important news from headquarters. They used to complain sadly of the weather. Year after year it was the same cry, "The rain, it raineth every day." The summer of 1887, the summer of our Queen's jubilee, seems to have been a superb exception, a solitary beacon, as it were, rising out of a watery waste of memory. Latterly their tone changed, of course; but for a time they wrote of that golden season as a man talks of his youth or a woman thinks of her beauty, as of a thing that the years have taken and will return no more. And yet I remember—or do I only think that I remember?—a time when such summers were the common lot; when day after day the sun shone in a cloudless sky, when the breeze blew

for ever from the south, soft and low
as a maiden's voice should be; an
endless time of

☞ Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

Perhaps it is only fancy, but it is a harmless and a pleasant one. There is no proper man but loves in his heart to think that the peaches grew larger and sweeter when he was young. But this at least is certain; rare though a fine day may be in England, it is a perfect day, a very gift of God, when it comes, such as those lands of everlasting sunshine can never show. No man loves the sun better than I do, not a West Indian negro or a Neapolitan beggar. But yet, when day after day, week after week, month after month, the heavens are as brass overhead and the earth is as iron underfoot, the northern soul revolts. The body may bear it well enough with common precautions, may even flourish under it, but the soul revolts. Few, I think, who have known what life is under such conditions, but will sympathise with the British sailor who, after a long spell on the Mediterranean Station, turned, as the good ship rolled into the Bay of Biscay, to his mate with the hearty ejaculation, "Thank God, Jack, we're quit of that beastly blue sky!" *Beastly* is not, I believe, a common word among sailors; those who are familiar with the conversation of our jolly sons of Neptune will doubtless be able to supply the proper term. No, a fair day in England is a gracious thing indeed. There is a freshness, a buoyancy in the air, such as may hardly, I think, be felt elsewhere; it is like the first draught of iced champagne, exalting the spirits and making the veins to tingle with a

new sense of life. The sun's heat warms and cheers; it does not scorch the eyes out of one's head or the sap out of one's body; not with the blast from a furnace, but with the nourishing warmth of a wood fire, does Phæbus Apollo smile upon his northern children. I have felt something of this exhilaration during the winter months in Egypt and in Australia; but only in an English June can it be tasted to perfection.

All the way home I had been hugging myself in the thought that I should be in time for the University match. I had seen it last in 1875; Ridley's year, they call it. How well I remember it! The third day was wearing to its close, with a dull grey sky overhead and sodden turf underfoot; six more runs were needed for victory, and the last Cambridge batsman was walking to the wicket. The Oxford captain was bowling lobs; I doubt whether any man ever bowled them better; certainly no man has bowled them so well since. He had only to bowl two to the newcomer. The first ball morally bowled him, as they say; the second accomplished the feat literally. I can see Mr. Ridley spring into the air like a rocket,—Nature had already designed him some way in that direction above his fellows. I can hear the shout that proclaimed our victory. And the poor victim,—I can pity him now; but pity had no place in my breast then, only a savage exultation. He must have felt, I think, something as the Dacian gladiator felt when the circus swam before his dying eyes, and in his dying ears he heard

The inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

Five years earlier it had been the hour of Cambridge; but from that scene of humiliation and disaster I was mercifully absent.

I forget for how many years a candidate's name must be down on the books of the Marylebone Cricket Club before he has any chance of becoming a member of that august society. No man, I think, rightly knows. For my own part, it was my good fortune to be elected in the old days of patronage and those other sweet influences which used to make life so easy and pleasant before these ridiculous democratic notions of universal equality came in. Two kind friends wrote my name down at the beginning of a week, and at the end of it, or thereabouts, my election was announced to me. How it was managed I do not care to know, nor have ever cared to ask. It was enough for me to be a member of the pleasantest club in London, or for that matter probably in the world. How long these railway men will allow it to retain that proud pre-eminence is another story which only the future can tell. Those who have it in charge to see that the club takes no harm profess themselves satisfied; we, the rank and file, can only pray that it may be so, and meanwhile enjoy the goods with which the gods have so bounteously provided us for so long a time as they may vouchsafe. Conspicuous among them is of course our new pavilion, a most lordly pleasure-house from whose soaring roof our banner,

Yellow, glorious, golden,
Seems to float and flow.

over half London in proud defiance of a whole tunnel-full of Directors. Personally I regret the old building, which had a pleasing flavour of antiquity about it such as its successor will hardly acquire in my time. But it was small, no doubt, for the necessities of the club, and they say it was not safe. If it was to come down, better that it should come at

our own choice, than suddenly, without warning, some fine day, with all the benches crowded, half Her Majesty's Government on the roof above, and the Committee-room full below. The great slaughter of the Philistine lords, when Samson bowed himself between the middle pillars, had been but a circumstance to that. I could wish that it had been possible to rebuild it on the same size and pattern, and to add another like to it at the opposite end of the playing-ground. There we chilly mortals could sit and warm ourselves in the afternoon sun. Except in the morning hours we get no sun in our new pavilion. We sit, as the British soldier used to fight, in the cool shade of the aristocracy; and uncommonly cool that shade is apt to be on an afternoon in May, or for that matter in June. This summer has, as a rule, been warm enough to satisfy even me; yet within the compass of one week I have watched cricket shivering beneath a great-coat and panting beneath as little raiment as respect for decency (and my figure) would permit. And yet there are folk who hold that to talk of the weather is the mark of a weak mind!

Large as the building is, however, it might be larger still, and yet none too large, on the days when the Australians are playing, or even more notably when Oxford is matched against Cambridge or Eton against Harrow. Perhaps the Universities draw the largest crowd, certainly the keenest, and one moreover touched with a vein of sentiment very pleasant and wholesome. The feeling is, of course, not peculiar to the Universities; some schools, for instance, know it, Eton especially; but on the banks of the Isis and the Cam it seems to strike its roots deepest; and I mean no disrespect to the latter stream in hazarding the fancy that her waters are

something less favourable to this particular growth than those of her more voluminous sister. Some fifteen years or so ago one of my friends (who has long since left off such follies) wrote some verses on the University match which were granted the dignity of print by a good-natured editor. Not many, I dare say, read them at the time, and nobody is likely to remember them now. I shall therefore take the liberty of borrowing them for these prosaic pages. Their poetical value is not high, but they express the sentiment I speak of not inaptly.

AT LORD'S.

'Mid this great city's grim embrace
The Fates have spread one green oasis ;
To me 'tis the most pleasant place
Of all her not too pleasant places ;
For here one may awhile forget
The smoke and roar of cruel London,
The ceaseless stir, the strain and fret,
Of those who do and those are undone.

From the pavilion's breezy top
I watch the lads at play below me,
And find e'en in the longest hop
A charm not Egypt's self could show
me ;¹
The while with thankful heart I feel
That not to me the kindly heavens
Have given to touch that sharp young
Steel,
Or face the furious arm of Evans.²

A soft breeze whispers from the west
Sweet music thro' the grateful awning ;
Care leaves awhile one hunted breast ;
One clouded life resumes its morning.
Old days return, the golden days
Of youth with all its rare devices ;
Once more a young barbarian plays
Beside the pleasant stream of Isis.

¹ That famous Egyptian, Cleopatra, was according to Shakespeare the heroine of the longest hop on record.

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public streets.
I have myself bowled a tolerable quantity
in my time, and pretty long ones, but never
aught like this.

² Mr. A. H. Evans and Mr. A. G. Steel
were the respective captains of the Oxford and
Cambridge elevens in the year when these
verses were written.

What jolly shapes around me throng,
And take their old accustomed places ?
Long parted, but remembered long,
Come back the old familiar faces ;
Less full of strange oaths than they were,
But very pards in beard and whisker,
And something more sedate of air,
If intellectually brisker.

Illustrious imps of various fame,
Wigged Counsellors and reverend
Doctors,
Poets whose prose was very tame,
And Heroes who have run from
Proctors—
And you, lost friend, where'er you stray,
On this or that side the Equator,
Ah, would we were again at play
In the dear lap of Alma Mater !

The pranks we cut, the feasts we made,
With spirits yet untouched by sadness,
The hours we sported in the shade,
And all the sweet midsummer mad-
ness !
As down life's dusty road we ride,
With Care fast perched upon the
pillion,
How good it is a while to bide
And dream an hour in Lord's pavilion.

Well, it was a great game, and a great victory for Oxford. There has been nothing like it before in a University match ; and it can hardly have been often in any match of first-rate importance that a side set to make 330 runs in the last innings has succeeded in making them, and with four wickets to spare. To be sure, in point of runs, a more remarkable feat still was performed by the Cambridge eleven on the same ground only a few days earlier, when, playing against the Marylebone Club, they went in to make 507 runs in their last innings and made them with three wickets to spare, and against pretty good bowling into the bargain. This makes their performance in the great match still more puzzling ; and to this moment I cannot quite understand it. Though Cambridge was fairly and handsomely beaten, there was really very little to choose between the two elevens ; if the match

were played over again I should not be one whit surprised to see the issue reversed. Certainly Cambridge should have been strong enough to keep the advantage gained at the close of the second day's play; and though it was obvious that the Oxford batsmen did themselves scanty justice in the first innings, their most thorough-paced supporter can hardly in his heart have believed victory possible when three good wickets were down in the second innings and 270 runs still to be made. But made and well made they were, without any undue favouring of fortune. One or two catches were dropped, no doubt, as will always happen in a long innings even among the smartest fieldsmen; such things will sometimes indeed happen in a short innings; but the bowling and fielding were both as good as Cambridge knew how to make them. There was no tiring, no slackness, till just at the close when Mr. Bardswell came in, with half the wickets down and 89 runs still wanting. Up to that moment the issue was still in the balance: it was uncertain, indeed, whether time would permit of victory, even were other things convenient for it; but when the newcomer began to hit, and Mr. Smith, recognising that the hour had come and the man, followed suit, the game changed. The hitting during the last hour was fast and brilliant, and Cambridge, to use the vernacular, went palpably to pieces. It was indeed a strange game, full of that uncertainty which men call glorious. And glorious enough it is, no doubt, when it goes for your own side; but otherwise—. A friend of mine, a mighty cricketer in his day (which was not yesterday), used to tell a story that always comes into my mind when people talk of the glorious uncertainty of cricket. In the fulness of his fame young Brownsmith (I

can think of no name more unlike his proper patronymic) was taken one summer evening, after a long and triumphant day at Lord's, by a comrade much older than himself to see a match at billiards in some public rooms. Arriving early they found a couple of amateurs knocking the balls about. One of these, who shall be called Jerry Stumps (and who was a celebrated person too for many things, but not for cricket), was known to Brownsmith's friend. "Mr. Stumps," said he, "let me present to you my friend Mr. Brownsmith, the celebrated cricketer." The gratified Brownsmith executed his best bow, but Mr. Stumps neither moved nor spoke. He was elaborately chalking his cue with his back to the newcomers, and took no more notice of them than the Duke of York on his column takes of Lord Napier on his pedestal, till the cue was to his liking. Then he jerked his head over his shoulder and glanced at the young man. "Ah," said he, "rotten game, cricket," and so addressed himself to his stroke. The word was not *rotten*, but *rotten* must serve. There have been, I must confess it, times of that glorious uncertainty when cricket has seemed to me the *rottenest* game ever played by man upon this dædal earth.

But though the victory of Oxford was, for an Oxonian, as superb as it was surprising, the match had some long intervals of dulness. On the first two days the batting was decidedly disappointing for two elevens with such great repute as batsmen. The Oxford fielding was brilliant in the extreme, and though Cambridge was not quite so taking in that department, there was little fault to find with them. In the first hour of Cambridge's second innings Mr. Cunliffe's bowling was as fine as any I have seen in these matches since Mr. Kenney's great day night thirty

years ago. Mr. Druce, perhaps the strongest batsman on either side, played a finished second innings; and Mr. Bray and Mr. Hartley put, each in his turn, some life into a dull game. But it was not till the last innings of Oxford that the batting at all justified its reputation. It is curious that Mr. Smith, who must be called the hero of the match, should only have won his place in the Oxford team at the eleventh hour. He played last year, and played well; but this year the virtue seemed to have gone out of him. It came back, however, with a vengeance at the appointed time. These things have happened before. In 1887 the highest scorers on the two sides were Lord George Scott for Oxford with 100 and 66, and Mr. Eustace Crawley with a second innings for Cambridge of 103 (not out); both men were chosen only on the day before the match. Another instance of the glorious uncertainty!

But the match will be remembered for other things than the surprising change in its fortunes, and for things, as one may truly say, not convenient. Those who consider such matters curiously may see in the defeat of Cambridge the hand of fate; a just retribution for the shabby trick by which they hoped to win an advantage outside the natural course of the game. I have heard it said, and have read in the papers, that the policy adopted by the Cambridge captain, of ordering no-balls and wide balls to be bowled to prevent his opponents from following their innings, was approved by many good judges of the game. I am willing to be called a bad judge of the game; but to my old-fashioned notions the word *policy* has no proper place in the economy of the cricket-field. I am told also that the Oxford men were the real originators of this most questionable innovation, when in 1893 their captain ordered his last

two batsmen to lose their wickets at a similar crisis of the game, thereby forcing Cambridge to adopt the same tactics which roused the anger of the spectators this year. If this were so the Oxford captain was equally to blame with him of Cambridge; but I fail to see how that mitigates the discredit of the action this year. How could Cambridge tell, I have heard it asked, that Oxford was not going to pursue the same tactics this year in the same circumstances? What has that to do with it? If I, suspecting my opponent of an intention to play foul at cards, anticipate him therein, shall I be held blameless? Incidentally I may here observe that I fail to understand what advantage Cambridge would have lost had Oxford followed their innings. To field out for a couple of hundred runs, especially when the bowling had never been really mastered, can surely not reduce young men in the prime of health and strength to such a pitch of weariness that they can keep their feet no more. They would have put Oxford in again with all the prestige that belongs to such an action; while Oxford would have been correspondently dispirited, and moreover would have had to begin batting again on a wicket which had apparently lost some of its early virtue, and on which Mr. Jessop's furious bowling would certainly not have been very pleasant to face. However, the Cambridge captain thought differently. He gave his orders, obviously not to the taste of all his men, and he lost the match. Never was a losing side more righteously served!

Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat!

It is a point that cannot be argued. It is in truth, as one may say, a question of taste, of right feeling; and to argue on such matters is to

beat the wind. Like the grand style, they must be spiritually discerned. No letter of cricketing law was violated of course; but there is an unwritten code of honour which must be kept as inviolate as the laws if the games of their country are to be any longer fit pastime for English gentlemen. Cricket is above all others our national game. Above all others it has been kept clear of any suspicion of foul play or sharp practices. There was a time, a century or so ago, when matches were made for money; the inevitable taint crept in, and cricket threatened to go the way of horse-racing and prize-fighting. But the mischief was stopped in time, and stopped, as one hoped, for all time. Even the sternest Puritan, who sets his face against all field-sports as snares of the Evil One, relaxes his grim code in favour of cricket. It was by the example and through the influence of English gentlemen that this good state of things came about. Is it to be by the example and through the influence of English gentlemen that the game is to degenerate into a pettifogging trial of wits, where honesty is avowedly not the best policy, and where not the best but the cunningest men will win? If once the door is opened to such practices as those we saw this year who can say where they will stop? Who is to draw the line and say *Thus far and no farther*; and where is he to draw it? It is curious, and to my old-world notions not pleasant, to find English gentlemen, good cricketers once themselves and nursed in the best traditions of the game, openly approving these tricks as not only fair in themselves, but a legitimate part of the game. One has found an analogy to them in the license granted to the billiard-player to give his opponent a miss when he conceives it his best policy to do so. There is no analogy. The option

of giving a miss is part of the recognised etiquette of the billiard-room. It is in the fact that the trick played by the Cambridge captain is not part of the recognised etiquette of the cricket-field that the root of the matter lies. I would sooner trust the national instinct of fair play than all the subtleties of all the sophists; and that has been unmistakably shown. Twice within the last four years has a University eleven been publicly hooted at the headquarters of cricket for conduct unbecoming the spirit of the game and the obligations of English gentlemen. If that is a spectacle these ingenious sophists can witness with equanimity I do not envy them the feeling.

I am, I say again, and as will doubtless by this time be apparent, an old-fashioned man, and have doubtless long since grown out of touch with the spirit of English games. Certainly it is in many ways a different spirit from that which animated them when I took part in them. Whether we played them better I am not competent to judge, nor concerned to inquire. We did not I think play them less keenly; but we recognised them as games, as agreeable ways of passing our leisure hours, not as the beginning and end of human existence. The passion for them which seems now to animate the youthful breast is something almost bloodthirsty. When it survives in the mature breast it becomes something more than ridiculous. Consider a match at football for instance, as it may now so often be seen. Is the spectacle of a score or so of grown-up men tumbling over each other in a muddy field a very edifying spectacle? What sporting instincts does it gratify? Are these the last enchantments of the middle age we have heard so much about? What would one not give for the pencil of John Leech to show

these foolish creatures to themselves as others see them, to "tell them they are men!"

The Spectator, honest man, has, I observe, been discoursing on this phase of our existence, but hardly with his wonted acuteness. On one point indeed he has been suggestive (as the reviewers say of a writer in whom they wish to find some good quality but are puzzled what to find), if not exactly luminous. Education, the steady if imperfect teaching of one generation, has had, he justly says, many effects, and not always good ones; but one of them has unquestionably been, in his opinion, to increase the national cheerfulness. A sort of dull cloud has been lifted from the national mind; the dull moroseness, once so characteristic, has passed away; the old sullenness has been immensely softened and decreased. "Naturally," he goes on, "with that change has come an impatience of monotony, a wish for interests that are disconnected with the daily work, and as the mass of men are not intellectual and never will be, that means a new and keen interest in all excitements, and especially the excitements that have in them the elements of contest. *Doctor Grace might play for a twelve-month by himself without anybody recording his most wonderful hits.*" It always vexes me to find myself at variance with the Spectator, for whose faculty of seeing all that is on the other side of a stone wall, and so very much that is not, I entertain the profoundest respect; but at this point I am compelled to disagree with him. The spectacle of Doctor Grace hitting his own bowling about (which is, we must presume, what the Spectator means by that distinguished individual "playing by himself") would, I am convinced, attract the largest crowd of the season. An impatience of monotony is, in our friend's estimation, a characteristic of

the present hour; and probably nobody will be inclined to gainsay him. A certain measure of monotony there must always be in cricket as commonly played; but the spectacle of a man playing by himself would be new indeed. Conceive it! Conceive this great preëminent captain hitting his own bowling about to all parts of the field (and how he would hit it!) missing himself at point off it (and that he might do, too), anon stumping himself off it, or, perhaps, retiring after another century, *L-b-w. b. Grace, senr.*! It would be magnificent; for pure imagination there is nothing like the idea in all the literature of fiction.

Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!

But fresh and entertaining as the conception is, it does not help us very far to an explanation of this phase of our national growth. Perhaps it signifies the senility of the nation; the shadow of our days is running backward, and, as is the wont of graybeards, we are becoming again even as little children. However, these high speculations are beyond me. I leave them to the Spectator, venturing only, if I may, to agree with him that there is not likely to be any serious mischief in the matter, only much foolishness, and perhaps a little touch of something ignominious. Indeed, when it comes to masters being selected for our great public schools, not for their intellectual attainments, or for their educational capacities, but for their prowess at games, we shall be lucky if we are doing no more than making ourselves ridiculous.

I must confess also to being somewhat sceptical as to the amount of charity and brotherly love promoted by these international contests on the cricket-field, the river, or the running-path. They seem to me calculated to promote

bad blood quite as much as good fellowship; and certainly in more than one recent instance they have promoted it. For one thing, if for no other, every nation has its own code of etiquette in these matters, as it has its own code of social etiquette; and it is not in reason to expect men, heated with the struggle for victory and bearing, as they conceive, the honour of their country on their shoulders, to submit without preparation to a number of unwritten rules, the spirit of which is probably unintelligible to them save when it deprives them of certain advantages which the spirit of their own rules, written or unwritten, would have justified them in taking. It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further; the incident which occurred at Henley Regatta last year will be fresh in every man's memory as an illustration of my meaning. And here I may revert to a message sent from New York to *THE TIMES* by its American correspondent on July 8th, the day after Yale University had been beaten by the Leander Rowing Club at Henley. "The American comments on the defeat of Yale at Henley," we are told, "are all conceived in a kindly spirit. No reproaches are mingled with the general regrets. . . . The Press pays a due tribute to their courage, and freely acknowledges that Leander won by better rowing. . . . Such is the general tone of the Press and of rowing men. The cordiality of the English Press and public to the defeated Americans has made an excellent impression, and the whole state of feeling is as different as possible from that of last year." What ignoble foolishness is this! I know not whether such a message is more insulting to the good sense of Americans or of Englishmen. Is it

the habit of Americans to slay their defeated champions as the French Revolutionists used to do? Or does this strange man suppose that it is our custom to slay our defeated opponents as the Sphinx slew those who could not guess her riddle? *Leander won by better rowing*,—in what other way should they have won; by fouling their opponents or by playing some trick upon their boat? For what purpose has this monstrous piece of nonsense been sent across the Atlantic? Is it to bid us not to be frightened at the prospect of another Presidential message because eight young English gentlemen have pulled a boat along faster than eight young American gentlemen? With what feelings the Americans will receive this ludicrous tribute to their capacity for behaving like reasoning beings remains to be seen; but it is at least consoling to reflect that it is one of their own countrymen who is responsible for it.

I know not whether the unseemly episode in the University match may be traced to the absorbing passion for games which I have noticed, and to a certain gladiatorial instinct arising from it and confusing all ancient notions of right and wrong. Five-and-twenty years ago at least such practices would never, I am confident, have been dreamed of among gentlemen. It must be the business of the Marylebone Committee to take care that there is no possibility of their repetition. Once already they have been obliged to change their rules in consequence of the indecorous behaviour of a University Eleven. Should they find it necessary to make a further change, it must be of such a drastic nature that the player from whom the offence comes will be allowed no opportunity of repeating it on an English cricket-field.

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